B. Sculp.

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1507/587.

THE ALCHEMIST.

A

COMEDY,

Written by BEN. JONSON.

With ALTERATIONS,

As performed at the Theatres.

——*petere inde coronam,*
Unde priùs nulli velârint tempora Musæ. LUCRET.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 AUG 62

The ARGUMENT.

The Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
His Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there;
Eaſe him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cos'ners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act.
Much Company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume *are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

FOrtune, *that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours*
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place,
To the Author Juſtice, to ourſelves but Grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cauſe we would make known,*
No Country's Mirth is better than our own:
No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
Bawd, 'Squire, Impoſtor, many Perſons more,
Whoſe Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
And which have ſtill been Subject for the Rage
Or Spleen of comic Writers. Tho' this Pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
The Vices that ſhe breeds, above their Cure.
But when the wholeſome Remedies are ſweet,
And in their working, Gain and Profit meet,
He hopes to find no Spirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will with ſuch fair Correctives be pleas'd:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will ſit ſo nigh
Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld think, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo natural Follies, but ſo ſhewn,
As even the Deers may ſee, and yet not own.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

(*Drury-Lane*, 1770.)

Subtle, *the Alchemiſt*,	Mr. *Burton.*
Face, *the Houſekeeper*,	Mr. *Palmer.*
Sir Epicure Mammon, *Knight*,	Mr. *Love.*
Abel Drugger, *a Tobacco Man*,	Mr. *Garrick.*
Surly, *a Gameſter*,	Mr. *Baddeley.*
Dapper, *a Clerk*,	Mr. *W. Palmer.*
Kaſtrill, *the angry Boy*,	Mr. *J. Burton.*
Lovewit, *Maſter of the Houſe*,	Mr. *Packer.*
Tribulation, *a Paſtor of Amſterdam*,	Mr. *Hartry.*
Ananias, *a Deacon there*,	Mr. *Parſons.*
Dol Common, *Colleague with* Subtle *and* Face,	Mrs. *Hopkins.*
Dame Pliant, *a Widow, Siſter to the angry Boy*,	Mrs. *Johnſton.*
Neighbours, Officers, &c.	

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The SCENE, *London.*

THE ALCHEMIST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, *and* Dol Common.

FACE.

BElieve it, I will. *Sub.* Do thy worſt. I dare thee,
Face. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you out of all your Sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you
Madmen?
Sub. O, let the wild Sheep looſe. I'll gum your Silks
With good Strong-water, an' you come.
Dol. Will you have
The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear ſome body. *Face.* Sirrah—*Sub.* I ſhall mar
All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
Face. You moſt notorious Whelp, you inſolent Slave,
Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes Faith, yes Faith.
Face. Why, who
Am I, my Mungrel? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourſelf——
Face. Speak lower, Rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (Time's not long paſs'd) the good,
Honeſt, Plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Maſter's Worſhip's Houſe here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations——*Face.* Will you be ſo loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, tranſlated Suburb Captain.
Face. By your means, Doctor Dog?
Sub. Within Man's Memory,
All this I ſpeak of. *Face.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you firſt.
Sub. I do not hear well. *Face.* Not of this, I think it:
But I ſhall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie Corner*,
Taking your Meal of Steam in, from Cooks Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteouſly coſtive, with your pinch'd-horn Noſe,
And your Complexion of the *Roman* Waſh,
Stuck full of black and melancholic Worms,
Like Powder corn ſhot at th' *Artillery Yard.*
Sub. I wiſh you could advance your voice a little.
Face. When you went pinn'd up in the ſeveral Rags
You had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghills, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloak,
That ſcarce would cover your No-buttocks——
Sub. So, Sir!
Face. When all your *Alchymy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corpſe with ſo much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to ſee a Fire;
I gave you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glaſſes, your Materials;
Built you a Furnace, drew you Cuſtomers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beſide,
A Houſe to practiſe in—*Sub.* Your Maſter's Houſe?
Face. Where you have ſtudied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry ſince. *Sub.* Yes, in your Maſter's Houſe.
You and the Rats here kept Poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know you were one could keep
The Butt'ry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſave the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *Chriſtmas* Vails
At *Poſt and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, ſome twenty Marks,

And

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And gave you Credit to converſe with Cobwebs,
Here, ſince your Miſtreſs' Death hath broke up Houſe.
Face. You might talk ſoftlier, Raſcal.
Sub. No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempeſt in his Hand and Voice.
Face. The Place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your Cloaths.
Thou Vermin, have I ta'en thee out of Dung,
So poor, ſo wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worſe?
Raiſed thee from Brooms, and Duſt, and wat'ring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I' the *third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?
Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quinteſſence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philoſopher's Work*?
Made thee a Second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?
Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?
Sub. Slave, thou hadſt had no Name——
Dol. Will you undo yourſelves with Civil War?
Sub. Never been known, paſt *Equi clibanum*,
The Heat of Horſe-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-houſe darker than deaf *John's*; been loſt
To all Mankind, but Laundreſſes and Tapſters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
Face. Sirrah——
Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil——
Face. I ſhall turn deſperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyſelf, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, Collier,
And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou haſt mov'd me——
Dol. (O, this 'll o'erthrow all.)
Face. Write thee up Bawd in *Paul's*, have all thy Tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Duſt, Scrapings,

Searching for things loſt with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houſes,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glaſs,
Told in red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worſe than *Gamaliel Ratſey's*. *Dol.* Are you ſound?
Ha' you your Senſes, Maſters? *Face.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall prove a true *Philoſopher's Stone*, to Printers.
Sub. Away, you Trencher-Raſcal.
Face. Out, you Dog-leach,
The Vomit of all Priſons——*Dol.* Will you be
Your own Deſtructions, Gentlemen?
Sub. Cheater. *Face.* Bawd.
Sub. Cow-herd. *Face.* Conjurer. *Sub.* Cut-purſe.
Dol. We are ruined! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? Slight,
Have yet ſome Care of me, o' your Republick——
Face. Away, this Brach. I'll bring the Rogue within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Triceſimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: Ay, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Nooſe, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.
Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockſcomb, will you?
[*She catches out* Face's *Sword, and breaks* Subtle's *Glaſs.*
And you, Sir, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that ſhines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marſhal,
For ne'er a ſnarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and ſhall it now be ſaid,
Yo' have made moſt courteous ſhift to cozen yourſelves?
You will accuſe him? *You* will bring him in
Within the *Statute?* Who ſhall take your Word?
A whoreſon, upſtart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black Friers* will truſt
So much as for a Feather! and you too
Will give the Cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claim a Primacy in the Diviſions?
You muſt be Chief? As if you only had

The

The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?
Without Priority? *Face.* It is his Fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And says, the Weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, so it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do not we
Sustain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your Part exceed To day, I hope
Ours may To-morrow match it. *Sub.* Ay, they may.
Dol. May, murmuring Mastiff! Ay, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him. *Sub. Dorothy*, Mistress *Dorothy*,
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?
Dol. Because o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*——
Sub. Not I, by Heaven——
Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna*——help me.
Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.
Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.
Sub. What shall I swear?
Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,
And labour kindly in the common Work.
Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.
I only us'd those Speeches as a Spur
To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?
Face. 'Slid, prove To-day, who shall shark best.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the Knot
Shall grow the stronger for this Breach, with me.
Dol. Why, so, my good Baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise Neighbours,
(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the King came in)
A Feast of Laughter at our Follies? No, agree.
And may *Don Provost* ride a feasting long,
In his old Velvet Jerkin,
(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)
Ere we contribute a new cruel Garter
To his most worsted Worship. *Sub.* Royal *Dol!*
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thyself.
Face. For which, at Supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And

And not be ſtil'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,
Dol Singular: The longeſt Cut, at Night,
Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*. [*One knocks.*
Sub. Who's that? [*knocks.*] To the Window,
Pray Heav'n,
The Maſter do not trouble us this Quarter.
Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week
O' the Plague, he's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, he's buſy at his Hop-yards now:
I had a Letter from him. If he do,
He'll ſend ſuch Word, for airing o' the Houſe,
As you ſhall have ſufficient time to quit it:
Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.
Sub. Who is it, *Dol?*
Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Face.* O,
My Lawyer's Clerk, I lighted on laſt Night
In *Holborn* at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To riſle with at Horſes, and win Cups.
Dol. O, let him in.
Face. Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.
Dol. And what ſhall I do? *Face.* Not be ſeen. Away.
Seem you very reſerv'd.
Sub. Enough. *Face.* God be with you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have ſtaid, but—

SCENE II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.
Sub. Who's that? *Face.* He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good Faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In Truth,
I am very ſorry, Captain. *Face.* But I thought
Sure I ſhould meet you. *Dap.* Ay, I am very glad.
I had a Scurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch laſt Night to one
That dines To-day at the Sheriff's, and ſo was robb'd
Of my Paſs-time? Is this the Cunning-man?
Face. This is his Worſhip. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?
Face. Yes.

Dap.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
Face. Ay. *Dap.* And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, ſo dainty,
I know not what to ſay—*Dap.* Not ſo, good Captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why ſhould you wiſh ſo?
I dare aſſure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law
Is ſuch a thing——And then he ſays, *Read*'s Matter
Falling ſo lately—— *Dap. Read?* he was an Aſs,
And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Face.* It was a Clerk, Sir.
Dap. A Clerk?
Face. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law
Better, I think— *Dap.* I ſhould, Sir, and the Danger.
You know, I ſhew'd the *Statute* to you? *Face.* You did ſo.
Dap. And will I tell then? By this Hand of Fleſh,
Would it might never write good Court-hand more,
If I diſcover. What do you think of me,
That I am a *Chiauſe?*
Face. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here——
As one would ſay, Do you think I am a *Turk?*
Face. I'll tell the Doctor ſo.
Dap. Do, good ſweet Captain.
Face. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiauſe.*
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Anſwer.
I would do much, Sir, for your Love——But this
I neither may, nor can. *Face.* Tut, do not ſay ſo.
You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiauſe*:
Let that, Sir, move you.
Sub. Pray you, forbear—— *Face.* He has
Four Angels here—— *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with theſe Spirits!
Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril.
'Fore Heaven, I ſcarce can think you are my Friend,
That ſo would draw me to apparent Danger.
Face. I draw you? a Horſe draw you, and a Halter.
You, and your Flies together—*Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

Face.

Face. That know no difference of Men.
Sub. Good Words, Sir.
Face. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs meat.
Dap. Nay, dear Captain,
Uſe Maſter Doctor with ſome more Reſpect.
Face. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet Head.
But for your Sake, I'ld choak, ere I would change
An Article of Breath with ſuch a Puckfoiſt——
Come, let's be gone.
Sub. Pray you, let me ſpeak with you.
Dap. His Worſhip calls you, Captain. *Face.* I am ſorry
I e'er embark'd myſelf in ſuch a Buſineſs.
Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.
Face. Will he take then?
Sub. Firſt hear me——
Face. Not a Syllable, 'leſs you take.
Sub. Pray ye, Sir——
Face. Upon no Terms, but an *Aſſumpſit.*
Sub. Your Humour muſt be Law. [*He takes Money.*
Face. Why now, Sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.
Sub. Why, Sir——*Face.* No Whiſpering.
Sub. Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the Loſs
You do yourſelf in this. *Face.* Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all!
H'll win up all the Money i' the Town.
Face. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up Gameſter after Gameſter,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet play.
If I do give him a *Familiar,*
Give you him all you play for; never ſet him;
For he will have it. *Face.* You are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he does aſk one but for Cups and Horſes,
A rifling *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars.*
Dap. Yes, Captain, I would have it for all Games.
Sub. I told you ſo. *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new Buſineſs!
I underſtood you, a tame Bird, to fly
Twice in a Term, or ſo, on *Friday* Nights,

When

When you had left the Office, for a Nag
Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir;
But I do think now I ſhall leave the Law,
And therefore—*Face.* Why, this changes quite the Caſe!
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you pleaſe, Sir;
All's one to him, I ſee. *Face.* What! for that Money?
I cannot with my Conſcience: Nor ſhould you
Make the requeſt, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean
To add Conſideration. *Face.* Why then, Sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?
Sub. I ſay then, not a Mouth ſhall eat for him
At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,
That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Face.* Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the Treaſure of the Realm,
If it be ſet him. *Face.* Speak you this from Art?
Sub. Ay, Sir, and Reaſon too, the Ground of Art.
He is o' the only beſt Complexion,
The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Face.* What! is he!
Sub. Peace.
He'll over-hear you. Sir, ſhould ſhe but ſee him—
Face. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at Cards too?
Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Iſaac*,
You'ld ſwear, were in him; ſuch a vigorous Luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.
Face. A ſtrange Succeſs, that ſome Men ſhall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, Man———
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. Faith, I have Confidence in his good Nature:
You hear, he ſays he will not be ungrateful.
Sub. Why, as you pleaſe; my Venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him truſty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an Hour;
Win ſome five thouſand Pound, and ſend us two on't.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir.
Face. And you ſhall, Sir.
You have heard all?

Dap.

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.
Face. Nothing? [Face *takes him aside.*
Dap. A little, Sir. *Face.* Well, a rare Star
Reign'd at your Birth.
Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Face.* The Doctor
Swears that you are———
Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the Queen of *Fairy.*
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter———*Face.* Yes, and that
You were born with a Caul o' your Head.
Dap. Who says so? *Face.* Come,
You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are mistaken. *Face.* How?
Swear by your Fac? and in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you
I'th' other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand Pound,
You'll send us Shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By *Jove*, Sir,
I'll win ten thousand Pound, and send you half.
I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,
To take it so. *Dap.* I thank his Worship. *Face.* So:
Another Angel. *Dap.* Must I? *Face.* Must you? Slight,
What else is Thanks? Will you be trivial! Doctor,
When must he come for his *Familiar?*
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, Good Sir!
There must be a World of Ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not rise
Till it be Noon. *Face.* Not, if she danc'd, To-night.
Sub. And she must bless it. *Face.* Did you never see
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom?
Face. Your Aunt of *Fairy?*
Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can resolve you that. *Face.* Well, see her Grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,

And

And very rich; and if she take a Phant'sy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any Hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctor's Fear. *Dap.* How will' t be done then?
Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace. *Face.* Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [*One knocks without.*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way)
Sir, against one o'Clock prepare yourself:
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three Drops of Vinegar in at your Nose,
Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;
Then bathe your Fingers Ends, and wash your Eyes,
To sharpen your five Senses, and cry *Hum*
Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.
Face. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.
Face. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Grace's Servants,
And put on a clean Shirt: You do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean Linen.

SCENE III.

Enter Drugger.

Sub. Come in: (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now:
Troth, I can do you no good till Afternoon.)
What is your Name, say you? *Abel Drugger?*
Drug. Yes, Sir.
Sub. A Seller of Tobacco? *Drug.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.
Free of the *Grocers?* *Drug.* Ay, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
Your Business, *Abel? Dr.* This an't please your Worship.
I am a young Beginner, and am building
Of a new Shop, an't like your Worship, just
At Corner of a Street (Here is the Plot on't):
And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship,
Which Way I should make my Door, by *Necromancy,*
And where my Shelves; and which should be for Boxes

And

And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.
And I was wiſh'd to your Worſhip by a Gentleman,
One Captain *Face*, that ſays you know Mens *Planets*,
And their good *Angels*, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,
If I do ſee 'em——— *Face.* What! my honeſt *Abel?*
Thou art well met here. *Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was ſpeaking
Juſt as your Worſhip came here, of your Worſhip.
I pray you ſpeak for me to Maſter Doctor.
Face. He ſhall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honeſt Fellow;
A neat, ſpruce, honeſt Fellow, and no Goldſmith.
Sub. H'is a fortunate Fellow, that I am ſure on—
Face. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee, *Abel!*
Sub. And in right way towards Riches——
Face. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer
He will be of the Cloathing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet, ſpend what he can.
Face. What, and ſo little Beard? *Sub.* You muſt think,
He may have a Receipt to make Hair come:
But he'll be wiſe, preſerve his Youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Sl'd, Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoon?
I am amaz'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In *Metapoſcopy*, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you ſee not.
Your Cheſnut, or your Olive colour'd Face
Does never fail: and your long Ear doth promiſe.
I knew't, by certain Spots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.
Face. Which Finger's that?
Sub. His little Finger. Look,
You were born upon a *Wedneſday?*
Drug. Yes indeed, Sir.
Sub. The Thumb in *Chiromancy*, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-Finger, to *Jove*; the midſt, to *Saturn*;
The Ring, to *Sol*; the leaſt, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoſcope*,
His *Houſe of Life* being *Libra*; which foreſhew'd
He ſhould be a Merchant, and ſhould trade with Balance.
Face. Why this is ſtrange? Is't not, honeſt *Nab?*
Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormu'*,

That

That ſhall yield him ſuch a Commodity
Of Drugs——This is the Weſt, and this is the South?
Drug. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And thoſe are your two ſides?
Drug. Ay, Sir.
Sub. Make me your Door then South; your Broad-ſide, Weſt:
And, on the Eaſt-ſide of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmael*, and *Baraborat:*
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel.*
They are the Names of thoſe *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flies from Boxes. *Drug.* Yes, Sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your Threſhold, bury me a Loadſtone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The reſt,
They'll ſeem to follow. *Face.* That's a Secret. *Nab!*
Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*ſucus* to call City-dames.
You ſhall deal much with Minerals. *Drug.* Sir, I have
At home, already—*Sub.* Ay, I know, you have, *Arſnike*, *Vitriol*, *Salt-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And give a 'Say (I will not ſay directly,
But very fair) at the *Philoſopher's Stone.*
Face. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true?
Drug. Good Captain,
What muſt I give? *Face.* Nay, I'll not counſel thee.
Thou hear'ſt what Wealth (he ſays ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come to.
Drug. I would gi' him a Crown.
Face. A Crown! and towards ſuch a Fortune? Heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half Year.
Face. Out on thee, *Nab.* 'Slight, there was ſuch an Offer,
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee;
Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worſhip to drink this, and ſwears.
He will appear more grateful, as your Skill
Does raiſe him in the World. *Drug.* I would intreat
Another Favour of his Worſhip. *Face.* What is't, *Nab?*
Drug. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſs out my ill Days, that I may neither

Bargain,

Bargain, nor truſt upon them. *Face.* That he ſhall, *Nab.*
Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt Afternoon.
Sub. And a Direction for his Shelves. *Face.* Now *Nab?*
Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab?*
Drug. Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips. [*Exit.*
Face. Away.
Why, now you ſmoaky Perſecutor of Nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſomething's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coal, and your cor'ſive Waters,
Your Croſslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt have Stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet, you think, I am at no Expence
In ſearching out theſe Veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my Intelligence
Coſt me more Money than my Share oft comes to
In theſe rare Works.
Sub. You are pleaſant, Sir.—How now?

SCENE IV.

Enter Dol.

Face. What ſays my dainty *Dolkin?*
Dol. Yonder Fiſh-Wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſs,
The Bawd of *Lambeth.*
Sub. Heart, I cannot ſpeak with 'em.
Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
Through the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars.*
But I have ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon.*——*Sub.* Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earneſt of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub. Face,* go you, and ſhift.
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too———
Dol. Why, what's the Matter?
Sub. O, I did look for him
With the Sun's Riſing: Marvel, he could ſleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium,* our *great Work,* the *Stone:*
And yield it, made into his Hands: of which,

He

He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſs'd,
And now he's dealing Pieces on't away.
Methinks I ſee him entering Ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houſes,
Reaching his Doſe, walking *Moorfields* for Lepers,
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the Highways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of my Labours. He will make
Nature aſhamed of her long Sleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall do more than ſhe,
He's, in Belief of Chymiſtry, ſo bold,
If his Dream laſt, he'll turn the Age to Gold.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mammon, Surly.

Mammon.

COME on, Sir. Now you ſet your Foot on Shore
In *novo Orbe*; here's the rich *Peru:*
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon*'s *Ophir!* He was ſailing to't
Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich.*
This Day you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi.*
And have you Punques, and Punquetees, my *Surly.*
And unto thee, I ſpeak it firſt, *Be Rich.*—*Face,*
Where is my *Subtle,* there?——Within, ho!

Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his Fire-drake.
His *Lungs,* his *Zephirus,* he that puffs his Coals,
Till he ſirk Nature up, in her own Center.
You are doubtful, Sir. This Night, I'll change
All that is Metal, in my Houſe, to Gold.
And, early in the Morning, will I ſend
To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,

And

And buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Devonſhire* and *Cornwall*,
And make them perfect *Indies!* you admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you ſee the Effects of the great Medicine
You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
Mam. Why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I aſſure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by its Virtue,
Can conſer Honour, Love, Reſpect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourſcore, a Child.
Sur. No doubt, he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Reſtore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Become ſtout *Marſes*, and beget young *Cupids*.
Sur. The decay'd *Veſtals* of *Drury-Lane* would thank you,
That keep the Fire alive, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the Secret
Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainſt all Infections,
Cures all Diſeaſes, coming of all Cauſes;
A Month's Grief in a Day; a Year's in twelve,
And, of what Age ſoever, in a Month.
Paſt all the Doſes of your drugging Doctors.
You're ſtill incredulous.
Sur. Faith I have a Humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot tranſmute me. *Mam. Surly*,
Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
I'll ſhew you a Book, where *Moſes*, and his Siſter,
And *Solomon*, have written of the Art;
Ay, and a Treatiſe penn'd by *Adam*. *Sur.* How!
Mam. O' the *Philoſopher's Stone*, and in high *Dutch*.
Sur. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in high *Dutch*? *Mam.* He did:
Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. How now?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Face.

Do we ſucceed? Is our Day come? and holds it?
Face. The Evening will ſet red upon you, Sir:
You have Colour for it, Crimſon: the red *Ferment*
Has done his Office; three Hours hence, prepare you
To ſee Projection. *Mam.* My *Surly*,
Again, I ſay to thee, aloud, *Be Rich*,
This Day, thou ſhalt have Ingots: and, To-morrow,
Give Lords th' Affront. Is it, my *Zephirus*, right?
Bluſhes the *Bolt's-head? Face.* Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, diſcover'd to her Maſter.
Mam. Excellent witty, *Lungs!* My only Care is,
Where to get Stuff enough now, to project on.
This Town will not half ſerve me. *Face.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true.
Face. Yes,
Let 'em ſtand bare, as do their Auditory.
Or cap 'em, new with Shingles. *Mam.* No, good Thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the Raſters, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the Furnace;
I will reſtore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Loſt in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume o' the Metals.
Face. I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worſhip; theſe blear'd Eyes
Have wak'd, to read your ſeveral Colours, Sir;
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lion*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacock's Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And laſtly,
Thou haſt deſcry'd the *Flower*.
Face. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Maſter?
Face. At's Prayers, Sir, he,
Good Man, he's doing his devotions,
For the Succeſs. *Mam. Lungs*, I will ſet a Period
To all thy Labours: Thou ſhalt be the Maſter
Of my *Seraglio*. *Face.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you hear?
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I do mean
To have a Liſt of Wives and Concubines,

Equal

Equal with *Solomon*, who had the *Stone*
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.
Th'art ſure thou ſaw'ſt it, *Blood?*
Face. Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.
Mam. I will have all my Beds blown up; not ſtuff'd;
Down is too hard.
(Is it arriv'd at *Ruby?*) ——Where I ſpy
A wealthy Citizen, or a rich Lawyer,
Have a ſublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand Pound, to be my Cuckold.
Face. And ſhall I carry it? *Mam.* No, I'll ha' no Bawds,
But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it beſt,
Beſt of all others. And my Flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graveſt of Divines
That I can get for Money. My meet Fools,
Eloquent Burgeſſes.
We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*.
My Meat ſhall all come in, in *Indian* Shells.
Diſhes of Agat ſet in Gold, and ſtudded
With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies.
My Foot-boy ſhall eat Pheaſants, calver'd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lampreys: I myſelf will have
The Beards of Barbels ſerv'd inſtead of Sallads;
Oil'd Muſhrooms, and the ſwelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dreſs'd with an exquiſite and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll ſay unto my Cook, there's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Face.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Exit. Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft and light
As Cob-webs, and for all my other Rayment,
It ſhall be ſuch as might provoke the *Perſian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fiſhes and Birds-ſkins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſtern Air ——
Sur. And do you think to have the *Stone*, with this?
Mam. No, I do think t'have all this, with the *Stone*.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious Man,

One

One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.
Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honeſt Wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Faſting for it: and, Sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poiſon.

Enter Subtle.

Mam. Good-morrow, Father.
Sub. Gentle Son, good-morrow.
And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An Heretick that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your Time
I' the juſt Point: prevent your Day, at Morning,
This argues ſomething, worthy of a Fear
Of Importune, and carnal Appetite;
Take heed, do you not cauſe the Bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd Haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my Labours, now e'en at Perfection,
Got by long Watching, and large Patience,
Not proſper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em:
Which in all my Ends,
Have look'd no Way, but unto publick Good.
To pious Uſes, and dear Charity,
Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
If you, my Son, ſhould now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular Luſts, employ
So great and catholick a Bliſs, be ſure,
A Curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret Ways. *Mam.* I know, Sir.
You ſhall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you to confute this Gentleman. *Sur.* Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtive of Belief
Toward your *Stone:* would not be gull'd. *Sub.* Well, Son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The Work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Rebe.*
We have a *Med'cine* of the *triple Soul,*
Thanks be to Heaven,

And make us worthy of it. ULEN!
Face. within] Anon, Sir, *Sub.* Look well to the Regiſter,
And let your Heat ſtill leſſen by Degrees,
To the *Aludels*. *Face.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Did you look
O'the *Bolt*'s-*head* yet? *Face.* Which, on *D.* Sir? *Sub.* Ay.
What's the Complexion? *Face.* Whitiſh. *Sub.* Infuſe
Vinegar
To draw his *volatile Subſtance*, and his *Tincture*:
And let the Water in *Glaſs E.* be *feltred*,
And put into the *Gripe*'s *Egg*. Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *Balneo*. *Face.* I will, Sir.
Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting?
Sub. I have another Work, you never ſaw, Son,
That three Days ſince paſs'd the *Philoſopher's Wheel*,
In the Lent Heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam.* O, but—
Sub. Why, this is covetous! *Mam.* No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all in pious Uſes,
Founding of Colleges and *Grammar* Schools,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hoſpitals,
And now, and then, a Church.

Enter Face.

Sub. How now?
Face. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *Feltre*? *Sub.* Marry, Yes,
And bring me the Complexion of *Glaſs B.* [*Exit* Face.
Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I aſſur'd
Your Piety were firm, we would not want
The Means to glorify it. But I hope the beſt:
I mean to tinct *C.* in *Sand-heat*, To-morrow,
And give him *Imbition*. *Mam.* Of white Oil?
Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F.* is come over the *Helm* too,
In St. *Mary*'s *Bath*, and ſhews *Lac Virginis*.
I ſent you of his *Fæces* there *calcin'd*.
Out of that *Calx*, I ha' won the *Salt of Mercury*.
Mam. By pouring on your *rectified Water*?
Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athanor*.
How now? What Colour ſays it?

Enter

Enter Face.

Face. The Ground black, Sir.
Mam. That's your *Crow's head?*
Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?
Sub. No' 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow.*
That Work wants ſomething. *Sur.* (O, I look'd for this.
The Hay's a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you ſure, you loos'd 'em
I'their own *Menſtrue? Face.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,
And put them in a *Bolt's head*, nipp'd to *Digeſtion*,
According as you bade me, when I ſet
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,
In the ſame Heat. *Sub.* The Proceſs then was right.
Face. Yes, by the Token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſav'd was put into the *Pellicane*,
And ſign'd with *Hermes'* Seal. *Sub.* I think 'twas ſo.
We ſhould have a new *Amalgama.* (*Sur.* O, this Ferret
Is rank as any Pole-cat.) *Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'en die; we have enough beſide,
In *Embrion. H.* has his *white Shirt* on? *Face.* Yes, Sir.
He's ripe for *Interation:* He ſtands warm,
In his *Aſh Fire.* I would not, you ſhould let
Any die now, if I might counſel, Sir,
For Luck's ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
Mam. He ſays right. *Sur.* Ay, are you bolted?
Face. Nay, I know't, Sir,
I'have ſeen th'ill Fortune. What is ſome three Ounces
Of freſh *Materials? Mam.* Is't no more?
Face. No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t'*amalgame*, with ſome ſix of *Mercury.*
Mam. Away, here's Money. What will ſerve?
Face. Aſk him, Sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him Nine Pound: you may gi' him Ten.
Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be cozen'd, do.
Mam. There 'tis.
Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it ſo,
To ſee Concluſions of all, for two
Of our inferior Works are at *Fixation*,
A third is in *Aſcenſion.* Go your ways.
Ha' you ſet the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia?*

Face. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philoſopher's* Vinegar?
Face. Ay. [*Exit.*
Sur. We ſhall have a Sallad.
Mam. When do you make *Projection?*
Sub. Son, be not haſty. I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo Vaporoſo*,
And giving him Solution, then *congeal* him,
And then diſſolve him, then again *congeal* him:
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Virtue.
Get you your Stuff here againſt Afternoon,
Your Braſs, your Pewter, and your Andirons.
Mam. Not thoſe of Iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.
We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may ſend my Spits?
Sub. Yes, and your Racks.
Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?
Shall he not? *Sub.* If he pleaſe. *Sur.* To be an Aſs.
Sub. How, Sir!
Mam. This Gent'man you muſt bear withal!
I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And little Hope, Sir;
But much leſs Charity, ſhould I gull myſelf.
Sub. Why, what have you obſerv'd Sir, in our Art,
Seems ſo impoſſible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no more.
That you ſhould hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt!* *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatched ſo? *Sur.* If I ſhould?
Sub. Why I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themſelves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Egg's ordained by Nature to that End,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia.*
Sub. The ſame we ſay of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had Time. *Mam.* And that
Our Art doth further. *Sub.* Ay, for 'twere abſurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the Inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote Matter.
Sur. Ay, what is that?

Enter

Enter Doll.

Sub. Marry, we ſay——
God's precious---What do you mean? Go in, *good Lady*,
Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet?

Enter Face.

Face. Sir?
Sub. You very Knave? do you uſe me thus?
Face. Wherein, Sir?
Sub. Go in, and ſee, you Traitor. Go.
Mam. Who is it, Sir?
Sub. Nothing, Sir. Nothing.
Mam. What's the Matter, good Sir?
I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd? Who is't?
Sub. All Arts have ſtill had, Sir, their *Adverſaries*;
But ours the *moſt ignorant*. What now? [Face *returns.*
Face. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; ſhe would ſpeak with you.
Sub. Would ſhe, Sir? Follow me.
Mam. Stay, *Lungs*. *Face.* I dare not, Sir.
Mam. How! Pray thee ſtay.
Face. She's mad, Sir, and ſent hither ———
Mam. Stay, Man, what is ſhe! *Face.* A Lord's Siſter, Sir.
He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Why ſent hither?
Face. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sub.* Why Raſcal?
Face. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*
Mam. 'Fore Heaven, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.
Sub. Heart, this is a Bawdy houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too ſcrupulous that way. It is his Vice.
No, he's a rare Phyſician, do him Right,
An excellent *Paracelſian*, and has done
Strange Cure with *Mineral Phyſick*. He deals all
With Spirits, he. He will not hear a Word
Of *Galen* or his tedious *Recipe*'s.
How now, *Lungs!* [Face *again.*
Face. Softly, Sir, ſpeak ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your Worſhip all. This muſt not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Face. Y'are very right, Sir, ſhe is a moſt rare *Scholar*,
And is gone mad with ſtudying *Broughton's Works*.
If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her Fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.
Mam. How might one do t'have Conference with her, *Lungs?*
Face. O, divers have run mad upon the Conference.
I do not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſte,
To fetch a Viol. *Exit. Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.
Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And truſt confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.

Enter Face.

Come here, *Ulen*, one Word.
Face. I dare not, in good faith.
Mam. Stay, Knave.
Face. H' is extream angry that you ſaw her, Sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*gives him Money.*] What is ſhe when ſhe's out of her Fit?
Face. O, the moſt affableſt Creature, Sir! ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you up, like *Quick-ſilver*,
Over the Helm; and *circulate*, like *Oil*,
A very *Vegetal*: Diſcourſe of *State*,
Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing——
Mam. Is ſhe no ways acceſſible? no Means,
No Trick to give a Man a Taſte of her——Wit——
Or ſo? [*Sub. within.*] ULEN.
Face. I'll come to you again, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think, one o' your Breeding
Would traduce Perſonages of Worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*,
Your Friend to uſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I do not like your *Philoſophical* Bawds.
Their *Stone* is enough to pay for,
Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuſe yourſelf.
I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,
The Original of this Diſaſter. Her Brother
H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you never ſaw her

Till

Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot, I have (believe it)
One of the treacherouſeſt Memories, I do think,
Of all Mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?
Mam. My Lord———
He will not have his Name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O' my Faith.
Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, paſs it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this Hand, 'tis true;
He's one I honour, and my noble Friend,
And I reſpect his Houſe. *Sur.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe Sir too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard Means
To gull himſelf? An this be your *Elixir*,
Your *Lapis Mineralis*, and your *Lunary*,
Give me your honeſt Trick, yet, at *Primero*,
I'll have Gold before you,
And with leſs Danger of the *Quickſilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.

Enter Face.

Face. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir, [*To* Surly.
Deſires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half Hour hence, and upon earneſt Buſineſs.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit us now and come
[*He whiſpers* Mammon.
Again within two Hours, you ſhall have
My Maſter buſy examining o' the Works;
And I will ſteal you in unto the Party,
That you may ſee her converſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captain's Worſhip? [*Exit.*
Sur. Sir, I will.
Now, I am ſure, it is a Bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſwear it, were the Marſhal here to thank me;
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h'is the moſt authentic Dealer
I' theſe Commodities! The *Superintendant*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
Him will I prove, by a third Perſon to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do diſcover, dear Sir *Mammon*,

You'll give your poor Friend leave, tho' no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weep.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, Sir.
Sir *Epicure*, I ſhall leave you. [*Exit* Sur.
Mam. I follow you, ſtraight.
Face. But do ſo, good Sir, to avoid Suſpicion;
This Gent'man has a par'lous Head.
Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,
Be conſtant to thy Promiſe? *Face.* As my Life, Sir.
Mam. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe me?
And ſay, I am a noble Fellow? *Face.* O, what elſe, Sir.
And that you'll make her royal, with the *Stone*,
An Empreſs; and yourſelf King of *Bantam*.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, Sir? *Mam. Lungs*, my *Lungs!*
I love thee. *Face.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Maſter
May buſy himſelf about Projection.
Mam. Th' haſt witch'd me, Rogue! Take, go.
Face. Your Jack, and all, Sir.
Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will ſend my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou doſt not care for me. *Face.* Not I, Sir?
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good Weaſel.
Set thee on a Bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the beſt Lord's Vermin of 'em all.
Face. Away, Sir.
Mam. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-Palatine*———
Face. Good Sir, go.
Mam. Shall not advance thee better; no, nor faſter.

SCENE III.

Enter Subtle *and* Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit?
Face. And ſwallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' given him Line, and now he plays, i' Faith.
Sub. And ſhall we twitch him?

Face.

Face. Thorough both the Gills.
A wench is a rare Bait, with which a Man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firks mad.
Sub. Dol, my Lord *Wha'ts'hum*'s Siſter, you muſt now
Bear yourſelf STATELICH. *Dol.* O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my diſtance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the Tricks of a proud ſcurvy Lady,
And be as rude as her Woman.
Face. Well ſaid, *Sanguine.*
Sub. But will he ſend his Andirons?
Face. His Jack too:
And's Iron Shoeing-horn: I ha' ſpoken to him. Well,
I muſt not loſe my wary Gameſter, yonder.
Sub. O, *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Face. Ay, if I can ſtrike a fine Hook into him, now.
The *Temple-Church*, there I have caſt mine Angle.
Well, pray for me, I'll about it.
Sub. What more Gudgeons? [*One knocks.*
Dol, ſcout, ſcout; ſtay, *Face*, you muſt go to the Door.
[*Exit* Face.
Pray Heaven it be my *Anabaptiſt.* Who is't, *Dol?*
Dol. I know him not. He looks like an End of Gold and Silver-man.
Sub. God's ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend.
What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deal
For *Mammon*'s Jack and Andirons! Let him in. Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now;
In a new Tune, new Geſture, but old Language,
This Fellow is ſent from one negotiates with me
About the *Stone* too; for the *holy Brethren*
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*; that hope
To raiſe their *Diſcipline* by it. I muſt uſe him
In ſome ſtrange Faſhion now, to make him admire me.

SCENE IV.

Enter Face.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? *Face*, Sir.
Sub. Take away the *Recipient*,
And rectify your *Menſtrue* from the *Phlegma.*

Then pour it o' the *Sol*, in the *Cucurbite*,
And let 'em macerate together. *Face.* Yes, Sir.
And ſave the Ground? *Sub.* No; *Terra damnata*
Muſt not have Entrance in the *Work*. [*Exit* Face.

Enter Ananias.

Who are you?
Ana. A *faithful Brother*, if it pleaſe you.
Sub. What's that?
A *Lullianiſt?* a *Ripley? Filius Artis?*
Can you *ſublime* and *dulcify? calcine?*
Know you the *Sapor Pontic? Sapor Styptic?*
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene?*
Ana. I underſtand no *Heathen* Language, truly.
Sub. Heathen, you *Knipper-Doling!* is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chryſopeia* or *Spagyrica*,
Or the *Pamphyſick*, or *Panarchick* Knowledge,
A *Heathen* Language? *Ana. Heathen Greek*, I take it.
Sub. How? *Heathen Greek?*
Ana. All's *Heathen* but the *Hebrew*.

Enter Face.

Sub. Sirrah my Varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeak to him
Like a *Philoſopher:* Anſwer i' the Language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the Work. *Face.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is *Heathen Greek*, to you now?
And whence comes *Vivification? Face* After *Mortification*.
Sub. What's *Cohobation? Face.* 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *Trine Circle* of the *Seven Spheres*.
Sub. What's the proper Paſſion of Metals?
Face. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum ſupplicium auri?*
Face. Antimonium.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you? And what's your *Mercury?*
Face. A very Fugitive; he will be gone, Sir.
Sub. How know you him? *Face.* By his *Viſcoſity*,

His

His *Oleoſity*, and his *Suſcitability*.
Sub. How do you *ſublime* him?
Face. With the *calce* of Egg ſhells,
White Marble, *talc*. *Sub.* Your *Magiſterium*, now?
What's that? *Face.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements;
Dry into cold, cold into moiſt, moiſt into hot, hot into dry.
Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you ſtill?
Your *Lapis Philoſophicus*? *Face.* 'Tis a *Stone* and not
A *Stone*; a *Spirit*, a *Soul*, and a *Body*:
Which if you do *diſſolve*, it is *diſſolved*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to *fly*, it *flieth*. *Sub.* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? [*Exit* Face.
What are you, Sir?
Ana. Pleaſe you, a Servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a juſt Account unto the *Saints*;
A *Deacon*. *Sub.* O, you are ſent from Maſter *Wholſome*,
Your *Teacher*? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous *Paſtor*. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.
Ana. Of what Kind, Sir?
Sub. Pewter, and Braſs, Andirons, and Kitchen-ware;
Metals that we muſt uſe our Med'cine on;
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a Penn'orth,
For ready Money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Profeſſors?
Sub. Why do you aſk? *Ana.* Becauſe
We then are to deal juſtly, and give (in Truth)
Their utmoſt Value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cozen elſe,
An if their Parents were not of the *Faithful*?
I will not truſt you, now I think on't,
'Till I ha' talk'd with your *Paſtor*. Ha' you brought Money
To buy more Coals?
Ana. No ſurely. *Sub.* No! How ſo?
Ana. The *Bretbren* bid me ſay unto you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
'Till they may ſee *Projection*.
Sub. How! *Ana.* You have had
For the Inſtruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glaſſes,

Already thirty Pounds; and for Materials,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: And they have heard ſince,
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an egg,
And a ſmall Paper of Pin duſt.

Sub. What's your Name?

Ana. My Name is *Ananias.*

Sub. Out, the Varlet
That cozen'd the *Apoſtles!* Hence, away,
Flee, *Miſchief*; had your *holy Conſiſtory*
No name to ſend me of another Sound
Than wicked *Ananias?* Send your *Elders*
Hither, to make Atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me Satisfaction; or out goes
The Fire; and down th'-*Alembecks*, and the Furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou Wretch,
Both *Sericon* and *Buſo* ſhall be loſt,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Biſhops*,
Or th' *Antichriſtian Hierarchy*, ſhall periſh,
If they ſtay threeſcore Minutes. The *Aqueity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*,
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias.* [*Exit* Ananias.
This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haſte towards their gulling more.
A Man muſt deal like a rough Nurſe, and fright
Thoſe that are froward to an Appetite.

SCENE V.

Enter Face *and* Drugger.

Face. H'is buſy with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now? What Mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?

Face. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*
Has brought you another Piece of Gold to look on:
(We muſt appeaſe him. Give it me) and prays you
You would deviſe (what is it, *Nab?*)

Drug. A Sign, Sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving Sign, Doctor.

Sub. I was deviſing now.

Face. (Slight, do not ſay ſo;
He will repent he gave you any more.)

What

What ſay you to his *Conſtellation*, Doctor?
The *Balance?*
Sub. No, that Way is ſtale, and common.
A Townſman, born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull,
Or the Bull's Head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor Device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in ſome myſtic Character; whoſe *Radii*,
Striking the Senſes of the Paſſers-by,
Shall, by a virtual Influence, breed Affections,
That may reſult upon the Party owns it:
As thus—— *Face. Nab!*
Sub. He ſhall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it ſtanding one whoſe Name is *Dee*,
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug*:
And right anenſt him a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his Sign.
And here's now *Myſtery*, and *Hieroglyphick!*
Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. I do thank his Worſhip.
Face. Six o' thy Legs more will not do it, *Nab.*
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.
Drug. Yes, Sir:
I have another Thing I would impart——
Face. Out with it, *Nab.*
Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young Widow——*Face.* Good; a *bona roba?*
Drug. But nineteen at the moſt.
Face. Very good, *Abel.*
Drug. Marry, ſh' is not in Faſhion yet; ſhe wears
A Hood; but 't ſtands acop. *Face.* No matter, *Abel.*
Drug. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*—
Face. What! doſt thou deal, *Nab?*
Sub. I did tell you, Captain.
Drug. And Phyſic too ſometimes, Sir; for which ſhe truſts me
With all her Mind. She's come up here of purpoſe
To learn the Faſhion.
Face. Good; on, *Nab:*
Drug. And ſhe do's ſtrangely long to know her Fortune.
Face. God's Lid, *Nab*, ſend her to the Doctor hither.

Drug.

Drug. Yes, I have ſpoke to her of his Worſhip already:
But ſhe's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her Marriage. *Face.* Hurt it? 'Tis the Way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and ſought. *Nab*, thou ſhalt tell her this:
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your Widows
Are ne'er of any Price till they be famous:
Their Honour is the Multitude of Suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good Fortune. What?
Thou doſt not know. *Drug.* No, Sir, ſhe'll never marry
Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.
Face. What, and doſt thou deſpair, my little *Nab*,
Knowing what the Doctor has ſet down for thee,
And ſeeing ſo many of the City dubb'd?
One Glaſs o' thy Water, with a *Madam*, I know
Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a Knight?
Drug. No, Sir; a Gentleman, newly warm in his Land, Sir,
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern
His Siſter here; and is a Man himſelf
Of ſome three thouſand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
And will go down again and die i' the Country.
Face. How! to quarrel?
Drug. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels
As Gallants do, to manage 'em by Line.
Face. 'Slid, *Nab!* the Doctor is the only Man
In *Chriſtendom* for him. He has made a Table,
With *Mathematical* Demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
An Inſtrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his Siſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſuade. Go to.
Sha't give his Worſhip a new Damaſk Suit
Upon the Premiſſes.
Sub. O, good Captain. *Face.* He ſhall:
He is the honeſteſt Fellow, Doctor——Stay not;
No Offers; bring the Damaſk and the Parties.
Drug. I'll try my Power, Sir.
Face. And thy Will too, *Nab*.

Sub.

Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! What is't a Pound?
Face. He'll ſend you a Hogſhead, Doctor.
Sub. O, no. *Face.* He will do't:
It is the goodeſt Soul. *Abel*, about it.
(Thou ſhalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
[*Exit* Drugger.
A miſerable Rogue, and lives with Cheeſe,
And has the Worms. That was the Cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a Med'cine for 'em.
Sub. And ſhall, Sir. This works.
Face. A Wife, a Wife for one of us, my dear *Subtle*:
We'll e'en draw Lots, and he that fails ſhall have
The more in Goods, the other has in Tail,
But *Dol* muſt ha' no Breath on't. *Sub.* Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.
Face. Pray Heaven I ha' not ſtaid too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tribulation.

THESE Chaſtiſements are common to the Saints,
And ſuch Rebukes we of the *Separation*
Muſt bear, with willing Shoulders, as the Trials
Sent forth to tempt our Frailties.
Ana. In pure Zeal
I do not like the Man. He is a *Heathen*,
And ſpeaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.
Tri. I think him a prophane Perſon indeed.
Ana. He bears
The viſible Mark of the Beaſt in his Forehead,
And for his *Stone*, it is a Work of Darkneſs,
And with *Philoſophy* blinds the Eyes of Man.
Tri. Good *Brother*, we muſt bend unto all Means
That may give Furtherance to the *holy Cauſe*.

Ana.

Ana. Which his cannot: The *ſanctified Cauſe*
Should have a *ſanctified Courſe.*
Tri. Not always neceſſary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Inſtruments even of the greateſt Works.
Beſide, we ſhould give ſomewhat to Man's Nature,
The Place he lives in, ſtill about the Fire,
And Fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The Brain of Man, and make him prone to Paſſion.
Where have you greater *Atheiſts* than your Cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your Glaſſmen?
More *Antichriſtian* than your Bell founders?
What makes the Devil ſo deviliſh, I would aſk you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the Fire, and boiling
Brimſtone and *Arſnick?*
You did ill to upbraid him
With the *Brethrens* Bleſſing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to haſten on the Work,
For the reſtoring of the *ſilenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philoſopher's Stone.*
And ſo a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Aſſured me.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man,
Not ſince the beautiful Light firſt ſhone on me:
And I am ſad my Zeal hath ſo offended.
Tri. Let us call on him then.
Ana. The Motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore Minutes
Were at laſt thread, you ſee; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, *Turris circulatorius*:
Lembek, *Bolts-head*, *Retort*, and *Pellicane*
Had all been Cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*
Art thou return'd? Nay, then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeaſed; he is come to humble
Himſelf in Spirit, and to aſk your Patience,
If too much Zeal hath carried him aſide

From

From the due Path. *Sub.* Why this doth qualify!
Tri. The *Brethren* had no Purpoſe, verily,
To give you the leaſt Grievance; but are ready
To lend their willing Hands to any Project
The Spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,
Or what is needful elſe to the holy Work,
It ſhall be number'd: Here by me, the *Saints*
Throw down their Purſe before you.
Sub. This qualifies moſt!
Why, thus it ſhould be; now you underſtand.
Have I diſcourſed ſo unto you of our *Stone*,
And of the Good that it ſhall bring your Cauſe?
Shew'd you
That even the med'cinal Uſe ſhould make you a Faction
And Party in the Realm? As put the Caſe
That ſome great Man in State, he have the Gout,
Why, you but ſend three Drops of your *Elixir*,
You help him ſtraight: there you have made a Friend.
Another has the Palſy, or the Dropſy,
He takes of your incombuſtible Stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a Friend.
A Lady that is paſt the Feat of Body,
Tho' not of Mind, and hath her Face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you reſtore
With the Oil of *Talck*; there you have made a Friend;
And all her Friends.
Still you increaſe your Friends.
Tri. Ay, 'tis very pregnant.
Sub. And then the turning of his Lawyer's Pewter
To Plate at *Candlemas*.
Ana. *Candle-tide*, I pray you.
Sub. Yet *Ananias?*
Ana. I have done.
Sub. O but the *Stone*, all's idle to't! nothing!
Nature's Miracle,
The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*; and whoſe Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits.
Ana. I hate *Traditions*:

I do

I do not truſt them——*Tri.* Peace.
Ana. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not peace. I will not——*Tri. Ananias.*
Ana. Pleaſe the Profane, to grieve the Godly, I may not.
Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou ſhalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, elſe, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher; and a Man, by Revelation,
That hath a competent Knowledge of the Truth:
Sub. Has he a competent Sum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And muſt, for Charity and Conſcience Sake,
Now ſee the moſt be made for my poor Orphans:
Tho' I deſire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers.
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Caſt on the *Med'cine*, ſo much Silver
As there is Tin there, ſo much Gold as Braſs,
I'll gi' it you in by Weight. *Tri.* But how long Time,
Sir, muſt the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me ſee,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten Days hence,
He will be *Silver potate*; then three Days
Before he *citroniſe*: Some fifteen Days
The *Magiſterium* will be perfected.
Ana. About the ſecond Day of the third Week
In the ninth Month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias.*
Tri. What will the Orphans Goods ariſe to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred Marks; as much as fill'd three Cars
Unladed now; you'll make ſix Millions of them.
But I muſt ha' more Coals laid in.
Tri. How? *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finiſh'd. We muſt now increaſe
Our Fire to *Ignis ardens*; we are paſt
Fimus equinus, Balnei Cineris,
And all thoſe lenter Heats. If the holy Purſe
Should with this Draught fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a preſent Sum, I have a Trick

To

To melt the Pewter, you ſhall buy now, inſtantly,
And with a Tincture make you as good *Dutch* Dollars
As any are in *Holland*. *Tri.* Can you ſo?
Sub. Ay, and ſhall 'bide the third Examination.
Ana. It will be joyful Tidings to the *Brethren*.
Sub. But you muſt carry it ſecret. *Tri.* Ay, but ſtay.
This act of Coining, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?
We know no Magiſtrate. Or, if we did,
This's foreign Coin.
Sub. It is no Coining, Sir;
It is but Caſting. *Tri.* Ha! you diſtinguiſh well:
Caſting of Money may be lawful. *Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it ſo.
Sub. There is no Scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
This caſe of Conſcience he is ſtudied in.
Tri. I'll make a Queſtion of it to the *Brethren*.
Ana. The *Brethren* ſhall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where ſhall it be done?
Sub. For that we'll talk anon. [*Knock without.*
There's ſome to ſpeak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. Who is it? *Face!* Appear.

Enter Face.

How now? Good Prize?
Face. Good Pox! Yond' cauſtive Cheater
Never came on. *Sub.* How then?
Face. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no ſuch thing.
Sub. And ha' you quit him?
Face. Quit him! an Hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight, would you have me ſtalk like a Mill-Jade,
All Day, for one that will not yield us Grains?
I know him of old. *Sub.* O. but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a Maiſtry. *Face.* Let him go, black Boy!
And turn thee, that ſome freſh News may poſſeſs thee.
A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain*,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Pieces of Eight,
Will ſtraight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath.

(That

(That is the Colour) and to make his Batt'ry
Upon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our Cinque-Port,
Our *Dover*-Pier, our what thou wilt.
Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub.* I will ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
And come again myſelf. *Face.* Are they within then?
Sub. Numb'ring the Sum. *Face.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this's a lucky Day! ten Pounds of *Mammon!*
Three o' my Clerk! A Portague o' my Grocer!
This o' the *Brethren!* Beſide Reverſions,
And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count?*
My Share To-day will not be bought for forty——
Dol. What?
Face. Pounds, dainty *Dorothy*. Art thou ſo near?
Dol. Yes; ſay, Lord General, how fares our camp?
Face. This dear Hour
A dainty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
And thou may'ſt make his Ranſom what thou wilt,
My *Douſabel*.
Dol. What is he, General? *Face.* An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?
Dol. No. *Face.* Nor my *Drugger?*
Dol. Neither. *Face.* A Pox on 'em,
They are ſo long a furniſhing!

Enter Subtle.

How now? ha' you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.
Face 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall do't againſt he ha' the Widow,
To furniſh Houſhold. *Sub.* Excellent well thought on.
Pray Heaven he come. *Face.* I pray he keep away
Till our new Buſineſs be o'erpaſt. *Sub.* But, *Face*,
How cam'ſt thou by this ſecret *Don?* *Face.* A Spirit
Brought me th' Intelligence in a Paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*. I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my Means. Sweet *Dol*,

You

You muſt go tune your Virginal, no loſing
O' the leaſt time. And do you hear? His great
Verdugoſhip has not a Jot of Language:
So much the eaſier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our own Coachman, whom I have ſent as Guide,
No Creature elſe. Who's that? [*One knocks.*
Sub. It is not he!
Face. O, no, not yet this Hour.
Sub. Who is't? *Dol. Dapper*,
Your Clerk. *Face.* God's Will, then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tire; and, Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's diſpatch him for God's ſake. *Sub.* 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you; take but the *Cues* I give you,
It ſhall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.
Sub. And the Widow? *Face.* No,
Not that I ſee. Away. [*Exeunt* Sub. & Dol.
O, Sir, you are welcome.

SCENE II.

Enter Dapper, Drugger, Kaſtril.

Face. The Doctor is within moving for you;
(I have had the moſt ado to win him to it)
He ſwears you'll be the Dearling of the Dice:
He never heard her Highneſs dote till now, he ſays:
Your Aunt has giv'n you the moſt gracious Words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I ſee her Grace?
Face. See her, and kiſs her too. What, honeſt *Nab!*
Haſt brought the Damaſk?
Drug. No, Sir, here's *Tobacco.*
Face. 'Tis well done, *Nab:* Thou'lt bring the Damaſk too?
Drug. Yes. Here's the Gentleman, Captain, Maſter *Koſtril*,
I have brought to ſee the Doctor.
Face. Where's the Widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his Siſter (he ſays) ſhall come.
Face. O, is it ſo? Good Time. Is your Name *Kaſtril*, Sir?
Kaſ.

Kaſ. Ay, and the beſt of the *Kaſtrils*, I'ld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteen hundred a Year. Where is the Doctor?
My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do Things. Has he any Skill?
Face. Wherein, Sir?
Kaſ. To carry a Buſineſs, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit Terms. *Face.* It ſeems, Sir, yo'are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Queſtion.
Kaſ. Sir, not ſo young, but I have heard ſome Speech
Of the angry Boys, and ſeen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practiſe i' the Country. *Face.* Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall inform you,
To the leaſt Shadow of a Hair; and then, Rules
To give and take the Lye by. *Kaſ.* How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll ſhew you, or in *Circle*,
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town
Study his *Theorems*, and diſpute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kaſ.* But does he teach
Living by the Wits too? *Face.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a ſtark Pimp,
Juſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two months ſince. I'll tell you his Method:
Firſt, he will enter you at ſome Ordinary.
Kaſ. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me.
Face. For why, Sir?
Kaſ. There's Gaming there, and Tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? *Kaſ.* Ay, 'twill ſpend a Man.
Face. Spend you? It will repair you when you are
ſpent.
How do they live by their Wits there, that have vented
Six Times your Fortune?
Kaſ. What, three thouſand a Year?
Face. Ay, forty thouſand.
Kaſ. Are there ſuch? *Face.* Ay, Sir,
And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a Year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,

And

And have a *Flye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unreſiſtable Luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*.
Kaſ. Do you not gull one?
Face. 'Ods my Life! Do you think it?
Why, *Nab* here knows him.
And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'ſt Man!
He's ſent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counſel, and to know their Fortunes.
Kaſ. Adzooks, my Suſter ſhall ſee him.
Face. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange Thing!
(By the Way, you muſt eat no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breeds Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breeds Worms) but paſs it,
He told me honeſt *Nab* here was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's Life! *Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was ſo ſick———
Drug. Could he tell you that too?
Face. How ſhould I know it?
Drug. In troth we had been a ſhooting,
And had a Piece of fat Ram-mutton to Supper,
That lay ſo heavy o' my Stomach———
Face. And he has no Head
To bear any Wine; for what with the Noiſe of the Fidlers,
And Care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Servant—
Drug. My Head did ſo ake———
Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good *old Woman*—
Drug. (Yes, Faith, ſhe dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did cure me
With ſodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Coſt me but Two-pence. I had another Sickneſs
Was worſe than that. *Face.* Ay, that was the Grief
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at Eighteen-pence,
For the Water-work *Drug.* In truth, and it was like
T'have coſt me almoſt my Life. *Face.* Thy Hair went off?
Drug. Yes, 'twas done for ſpight.
Face. Nay, ſo ſays the Doctor.
Kaſ. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suſter,

I'll

I'll ſee this learned Boy before I go:
And ſo ſhall ſhe. *Face.* Sir, he is buſy now:
But if you have a Siſter to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own Pains may command her ſooner;
And he by that Time will be free. *Kaſ.* I go.
[*Exeunt* Drugger and Kaſ.

Face. Drugger, ſhe's thine: the Damaſk. (*Subtle* and I
Muſt wreſtle for her.) Come on, Maſter *Dapper*,
You ſee how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cauſe Diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The Ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.

Face. 'Tis well: that Shirt may do you
More Worſhip than you think. Your Aunt's a-fire,
But that ſhe will not ſhew it, t'have a Sight o' you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants?

Dap. Yes, here are ſix-ſcore *Edward*'s Shillings.

Face. Good.

Dap. And an old *Harry*'s Sovereign. *Face.* Very good.

Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth* Groat;
Juſt twenty Nobles. *Face.* O, you are too juſt.
I would you had the other Noble in *Mary*'s.

Dap. I have ſome *Philip* and *Mary*'s.

Face. Ay, thoſe ſame
Are beſt of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Is yet her *Grace*'s Couſin come?

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he faſting? *Face.* Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum?*

Face. Thrice, you muſt anſwer. *Dap.* Thrice.

Sub. And as oft *Buz?*

Face. If you have, ſay. *Dap.* I have.

Sub. Then, to her Cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his Senſes,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune*;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune,

And

And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,
Yet nearer is her Smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a Piece ſhe has ſent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much Love as then her *Grace* did tear it)
About his eyes, to ſhew he is fortunate.
[*They blind him with a Rag.*
And, truſting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, ſhe doth not doubt him.
Face. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has nothing
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her *Grace*'s Word (Throw away your Purſe.)
As ſhe would aſk it. (Handkerchiefs and all.)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, caſt it off,
Or a Silver Seal at your Wriſt: Her *Grace* will ſend
Her *Fairies* here to ſearch you; therefore deal
Directly with her *Highneſs*. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)
[*He throws away, as they bid him.*
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Face. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is tranſitory about you.
Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not Truth. Adviſe you.
Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't.
Face. Ti, ti.
They knew't, they ſay, *Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti*, he has more yet.
Face. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other Pocket?
Dap. O, o.
Face. Nay, pray you hold. He is her *Grace*'s Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good Faith, you ſhall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and ſhame the *Fairies*. Shew
You are an Innocent.
Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing
But a Half-Crown
Of Gold, about my Wriſt, that my Love gave me;
And a leaden Heart I wore ſin' ſhe forſook me.

Face. I thought 'twas ſomething. And would you incur
Your Aunt's Diſpleaſure for theſe Trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-Crowns.
You may wear your leaden heart ſtill. [*Knock.*] How now?

Enter Dol.

Sub. What News, *Dol?*
Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon.*
Face. God's Lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. He's at the Door.
Sub. And you are not ready now.
Dol. He muſt be ſent back. *Face.* O, by no Means.
What ſhall we do with this ſame Puffing here,
Now he's o' the Spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti.* Would her
Grace ſpeak with me? [*Knock.*
I come. Help, *Dol.* *Face.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure.*
[*He ſpeaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.*
My Maſter's i' the Way. Pleaſe you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his Back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, Maſter *Dapper.*
Dap. I long to ſee her *Grace.* *Sub.* She now is ſet
At Dinner in her Bed, and ſhe has ſent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouſe,
And a Piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And ſtay your Stomach, leſt you faint with faſting:
Yet if you could hold out till ſhe ſaw you (ſhe ſays)
It would be better for you. *Face.* Sir, he ſhall
Hold out an' 'twere this two Hours, for her *Highneſs;*
I can aſſure you that. We will not loſe
All we ha' done—— *Sub.* He muſt not ſee, nor ſpeak
To any body, till then. *Face.* For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what?
Face. Of Gingerbread
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*
Thus far, ſhall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape, Sir, and let him fit you.
Sub. Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir,

I now

I now muſt ſhew you *Fortune*'s Privy Lodgings.
Face. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All.
Only the Fumigation's ſomewhat ſtrong.
Face. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face *and* Mammon *meet.*

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only fineſt time.
Mam. Where's Maſter?
Face. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will be all chang'd ſhortly.
Mam. Into Gold?
Face. To Gold and Silver, Sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.
Mam. Where's the Lady?
Face. At hand here. I ha' told her ſuch brave things o' you,
Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit——
Mam. Haſt thou?
Face. As ſhe is almoſt in her Fit to ſee you.
But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage— *Mam.* I warrant thee.
Face. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man ſhould hear or ſee you— *Mam.* Fear not.
Face. The very Houſe, Sir, would run mad. You know it,
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent
'Gainſt the leaſt Act of Sin. *Phyſic*, or *Mathematics*, *Poetry*, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)
She will endure, and never ſtartle: But
No Word of Controverſy.
Mam I am ſchool'd, good ULEN.
Face. And you muſt praiſe her Houſe, remember that,
And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:
No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,

Shall do it better. Go. *Face.* Why, this is yet
A kind of modern Happineſs, to have
Dol Common for a great Lady. [*Exit.*
Mam. Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thyſelf, talk to her, all in Gold;
Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops
Unto his *Danae:* Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compar'd with *Mammon.* What, the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feel Gold, taſte Gold, hear Gold, ſleep Gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my Talk to her.

Enter Dol.

Here ſhe comes.
Face. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight
I told your Ladyſhip—*Mam.* Madam, with your Pardon,
I kiſs your Veſture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil
If I would ſuffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.
Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in Health, Lady.
Dol. My Lord my Brother is, tho' I no Lady, Sir.
Face. (Well ſaid, my *Guiny*-bird.)
Mam. Right noble Madam———
Face. (O, we ſhall have moſt fierce Idolatry.)
Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.
Dol. Rather your Courteſy.
Mam. Were there nought elſe t'enlarge your Virtues to me,
Theſe Anſwers ſpeak your Breeding, and your Blood.
Dol. Blood we boaſt none, Sir; a poor Baron's Daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your Father
Slept all the happy Remnant of his Life
After that Act,
He had done enough to make himſelf, his Iſſue,
And his Poſterity Noble.
Face. I'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*
Mam. Sweet Madam, let me be particular——
Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your Diſtance.
Mam. In no ill Senſe, ſweet Lady, but to aſk
How your fair Graces paſs the Hours? I ſee
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the Houſe of a rare Man,

An

An excellent Artiſt; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, Sir, I ſtudy here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Diſtillation*. *Mam.* O, I cry you Pardon.
He's a Divine Inſtructor.
Dol. Ay, and for his Phyſic, Sir——
Mam. Above the Art of *Æſculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole with theſe Studies, that contemplate Nature.
Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to ſo dark a Uſe.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend half my Land firſt, were I he.
Does not this Diamond better on my Finger
Than i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you ſhall wear it; take it, the firſt Pledge
Of what I ſpeak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In Chains of Adamant?
Mam. Yes, the ſtrongeſt Bands.
And take a Secret too: Here, by your Side,
Doth ſtand, this Hour, the happieſt Man in *Europe*.
Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true being,
The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.
Dol. Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure!*
Mam. Yes, and thou ſhalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have caſt mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Stiles. *Dol.* You mean no Treaſon, Sir?
Mam. No; I will take away that Jealouſy.
I am the Lord of the *Philoſopher's Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?
Mam. I am the Maſter of the *Maſtery*.
This Day the good old Wretch here o' the Houſe
Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think therefore thy firſt Wiſh now; let me hear it;
And it ſhall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee.
Dol. I could well conſent, Sir,

But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoon take Notice, and both ſeize
You and your *Stone*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject.

Mam. 'Tis no idle Fear:
We'll therefore go with all, my Girl, and live
In a free State, where we will eat our Mullets
Sous'd in High-country Wines, ſup Pheaſants Eggs,
And have our Cockles boil'd in Silver Shells,
Our Shrimps to ſwim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whoſe Cream does look like Opals; and with theſe
Delicate Meats ſet ourſelves high for Pleaſure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And ſo enjoy a Perpetuity of Life and Luſt.

Enter Face.

Face. Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every Word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter Place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you
her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.
[*Gives Money.*

Face. But, do you hear?
Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins.*

Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Exe.* Mam. & Dol.

Face. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

Enter Subtle.

Face. Doſt thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Face.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come.

Face. And your quarrelling Diſciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I muſt to my Captainſhip again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in firſt.

Face. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-bell?* *Sub.* I know not. *Face.* We'll draw Lots.
You'll ſtand to that?

Sub. What elſe?

To

To the Door, Man.

Face. You'll have the firſt Kiſs, 'cauſe I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Noſtrils.

Enter Kaſtril *and* Pliant.

Face. Who would you ſpeak with?

Kaſ. Where's the Captain? *Face.* Gone, Sir,
About ſome Buſineſs.

Kaſ. Gone? *Face.* He'll return ſtraight.
But Maſter Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worſhipful Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Luſt, and thy Deſires,
And I will ſe ve and ſatisfy 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kaſ.* You lye.

Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lye?
For what, my ſudden Boy? *Kaſ.* Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick!* You muſt render Cauſes, Child,
Your firſt and ſecond *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diviſions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
And ha' your *Elements* perfect—— *Kaſ.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? *Sub.* That *falſe Precept*
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Againſt their Wills? *Kaſ.* How muſt I do then, Sir?

Sub. I cry this Lady Mercy: She ſhould firſt
Have been ſaluted. I do call you Lady,
Becauſe you are to be one, ere't be long,
My ſoft and buxom Widow. [*He kiſſes her.*

Kaſ. Is ſhe, i'Faith?

Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Lyar.

Kaſ. How know you?

Sub. By Inſpection on her Forehead,
And Subtilty of her Lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, ſhe melts
[*He kiſſes her again.*
Like a *Myrabolane!* Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.

Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me ſee your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plain;
And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:
But moſt of all, *Junctura annularis*.
He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady;
But ſhall have ſome great Honour ſhortly. *Pli.* Brother,
He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kaſ.* Hold your Peace.
Here comes the t'other rare Man.

Enter Face.

'Save you, *Captain*.
Face. Good Maſter *Kaſtril*. Is this your Siſter?
Kaſ. Ay, Sir.
Pleaſe to kuſs her, and be proud to know her.
Face. I ſhall be proud to know you, Lady.
Pli. Brother, he calls me Lady too.
Kaſ. Ay, peace. I heard it.
Face. The *Count* is come.
Sub. Why, you muſt entertain him.
Face. What'll you do—
Sub. Where is he? *Face.* At the Door.
With theſe the while?
Sub. Why have 'em up, and ſhew 'em
Some fuſtian Book, or the dark Glaſs. *Face.* 'Fore God,
She is a delicate Dab-chick! I muſt have her. [*Exit.*
Sub. Muſt you? Ay, if your Fortune will, you muſt.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us preſently:
I'll have you to my Chamber of *Demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you my Inſtrument,
That hath the ſeveral Scales upon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrel, at a ſtraw's breadth by Moon-light.
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glaſs,
Some half an Hour, but to clear your Eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the ſudden, truſt me.

Face *and* Subtle *meet*.

Face. Where are you, Doctor?
Sub. I'll come to you preſently.
Face. I will ha' this ſame Widow, now I ha' ſeen her,
On any Compoſition. *Sub.* What do you ſay?

Face.

Face. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' ſent 'em *up*.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs muſt have this *Widow*.
Sub. Is that the Matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* ſhall know it all.
Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.
Face. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—Do but *conceive*.
Thou art old, and can'ſt not ſerve——
Sub. Who, cannot I?
'Slight, I will ſerve her with thee, for a— *Face.* Nay,
But underſtand: I'll gi' you Compoſition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, ſell my Fortune?
'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly. *Face.* Well, Sir, I am ſilent.
Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in State?
Sub. I follow you, Sir. We muſt keep *Face* in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a Tyrant.
Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John?*

Enter Surly *like a* Spaniard.

Sur. Sennores, beſo las manos, á vueſtras mercedes.
Sub. Would you had ſtoop'd a little, and kiſs'd our *anos*.
Face. Peace, *Subtle*.
Sub. Stab me; I ſhall never hold, Man.
He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
Serv'd in by a ſhort Cloak upon two Treſſils.
Face. Or, what do you ſay to a Collar of Brawn, cut down
Beneath the Souſe, and wriggled with a Knife?
Sub. Don, your ſcurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia. *Sub.* He ſpeaks out of a Fortification.
Pray God, he ha' no Squibs in thoſe deep Sets.
Sur. Por dios, Sennores, muy linda caſa!
Sub. What ſays he? *Face.* Praiſes the Houſe, I think;
I know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Caſa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You ſhall
Be cozen'd, *Diego*. *Face.* Cozen'd, do you ſee?
My worthy *Donzel* cozen'd. *Sur. Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don.*
Have you brought Piſtolets, or Portagues,
My ſolemn *Don?* Doſt thou feel any? *Face.* Full.
[*He feels his Pockets.*
Sub. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they ſay.
Face. 'Slid, *Subtle*, how ſhall we do?
Sub. For what?
Face. Why *Dol*'s employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true.
'Fore Heaven, I know not:
Mammon muſt not be troubled.
Face. Mammon! in no Caſe.
Think: you muſt be ſudden.
Sur. Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.
Face. Mi vida? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o' the Widow.
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her it is her Fortune? All our Venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one Man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and beſide
There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or loſt.
What doſt thou think on't, *Subtle.*
Sub. Who, I, why?
Face. The Credit of our Houſe too is engag'd.
Sub. You made me an Offer for my Share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i'Faith? *Face.* O, by that Light
I'll not buy now. You know your Doom to me.
E en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.
Sur. Sennores por que ſe tarda tanta?
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Face. That's now no Reaſon, Sir.
Sur. Puede ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.
Face. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call,
And looſe the Hinges: *Dol. Sub.* A Plague of Hell—
Face. Will you then do? *Sub.* You are a *terrible Rogue*,
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?
Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my Heart, Sir;
Am I diſcharg'd o' the Lot? *Face.* As you pleaſe.

Sub.

Sub. Hands.

Face. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.

Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch firſt.

Sur. Por eſtas honrada's barbas —

Sub. He ſwears by his Beard.
Diſpatch, and call the Brother too. [*Exit* Face.

Sur. Tiengo, duda, Sennores,
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, iſſue on? Yes, *præſto Sennor.* Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don?*
Where if you pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You ſhall be ſoak'd, and ſtroak'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And ſcrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear *Don*, before you go.
You ſhall in Faith, my ſcurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punk ſo much the ſooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
The quickly doing of it is the Grace.

SCENE II.

Enter Face, Kaſtril, *and* Pliant.

Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave
Till he had found the very Nick of her Fortune.

Kaſ. To be a *Counteſs*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſs*, Sir?

Pli. Why, is that better than an *Engliſh Counteſs?*

Face. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Queſtion, Lady?

Enter Subtle.

Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My moſt honour'd Lady,
(For ſo I am now to ſtile you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very ſhortly)
What will you ſay now, if ſome——

Face. I have told her all, Sir;
And her right worſhipful Brother here, that ſhe ſhall be
A *Counteſs*; do not delay 'em, Sir; a *Spaniſh Counteſs.*

Sub. Still, my ſcarce worſhipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, ſince he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kaſ. She ſhall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge.
Sub. Well then, nought reſts
But that ſhe fit her Love now to her Fortune.
Pli. Truly I ſhall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?
Pli. Never ſin' *Eighty-Eight* could I abide 'em,
And that was ſome three Year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you muſt love him, or be miſerable.
Pli. Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaſ.* Do,
Or by this Hand you are not my Siſter,
If you refuſe. *Pli.* I will not refuſe, Brother.
Sur. Que es eſto, Sennores, que non ſe venga?
Eſta tardanza me mata! *Face.* It is the *Count* come.
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.
Sub. En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!
Sur. Por todos los dioſes, le mas acabada
Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
Face. Is't not a gallant Language that they ſpeak?
Kaſ. An admirable Language! Is't not *French?*
Face. No, *Spaniſh*, Sir. *Kaſ.* It goes like Law-*French*;
And that, they ſay, is the courtlieſt Language.
Face. Liſt, Sir:
He admires your Siſter.
Kaſ. Muſt not ſhe make a Curtſy?
Sub. Od's Will, ſhe muſt go to him, Man, and kiſs him!
It is the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, for the Women
To make firſt Court. Sir?
Sur. Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?
Kaſ. Nay, ſee; ſhe will not underſtand him! Gull!
Noddy! *Pli.* What ſay you, Brother?
Kaſ. Aſs, my Suſter!
Go kuſs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you;
I'll thruſt a Pin i' your Buttocks elſe. *Face.* O, no Sir.
Sur. Sennora, ſi ſera ſervida, entremus.
Kaſ. Whete does he carry her?

Face.

Face. Into the Garden, Sir;
Take you no Thought; I muſt interpret for her.
Sub. Give *Dol* the Word. [*Exit* Face.] Come, my fierce Child, advance.
We'll to our quarrelling Leſſon again. *Kaſ.* Agreed.
I love a *Spaniſh* Boy with all my Heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this Means, Sir, you ſhall be Brother
To a great *Count*. *Kaſ.* Ay, I knew that at firſt.
This Match will advance the Houſe of the *Kaſtrils*.
Sub. Pray God your Siſter prove but pliant.
Kaſ. Why,
Her Name is ſo, by her other Huſband. *Sub.* How!
Kaſ. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?
Sub. No, Faith, Sir:
Yet, by Erection of her Figure, I gueſs'd it.
Come, let's go practiſe.
Kaſ. Yes; but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Dol *and* Mammon.

Dol. For, *after* Alexander's *Death*——
[*In her Fit of Talking.*
Mam. Good Lady——
Dol. That Perdiccas *and* Antigonus *were ſlain,*
The two that ſtood, Seleuc' *and* Ptolmee——
Mam. Madam.
Dol. Made up the two Legs, and the fourth Beaſt,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog-Iron-leg, and South-Iron leg——
Mam. La——
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——
Mam. Sweet Madam.
Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall
In the laſt Link of the fourth Chain. And theſe
Be Stars in Story, which none ſee or look at——
Mam. What ſhall I do?
Dol. For, as he ſays, except

We

We call the Rabins, *and the Heathen* Greeks——
Mam. Dear Lady.
Dol. To come from Salem, *and from* Athens,
And teach the People of Great-Britain——

Enter Face.

Face. What's the Matter, Sir.
Dol. To ſpeak the Tongue of Eber, *and* Javan——
Mam. O, ſhe's in her Fit.
Dol. We ſhall know nothing——
Face. Death, Sir,
We are undone. My Maſter will hear!
Dol. A Wiſdom, which Pythagoras *held moſt high*——
Mam. Sweet honourable Lady.
Dol. To comprize
All Sounds of Voices in few Marks of Letters——
Face. Nay, you muſt never hope to lay her now.
Dol. And ſo we may arrive by Talmud *Skill,*
And profane Greek, *to raiſe the Building up*
Of Helen's *Houſe againſt the* Iſmaelite,
King of Thogarma, *and his* Habergions
Brimſtony, blue, and fiery; and the Force
Of King Abaddon, *and the Beaſt of* Cittim;
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Omkelos,
And Aben Ezra *do interpret* Rome.
Face. How did you put her into't?
Mam. Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth *Monarchy* I would erect, [*They ſpeak together.*
With the *Philoſopher's Stone* (by Chance) and ſhe
Falls on the other four ſtraight. *Face.* Out of *Broughton.*
I told you ſo. 'Slid, ſtop her Mouth. *Mam.* Is't beſt?
Face. She'll never leave elſe. If the old Man hear her,
We are but *Fæces*, Aſhes.
Sub. [*within.*] What's to do there?
Face. O, we are loſt. Now ſhe hears him, ſhe is quiet.
Mam. Where ſhall I hide me?
[*Upon* Subtle's *Entry they diſperſe.*
Sub. How, what Sight is here!
Cloſe Deeds of Darkneſs, and that ſhun the Light!
Bring him again; who is he?—What, my Son!

O,

O, I have liv'd too long. *Mam.* Nay, good, dear Father,
There was no unchaſte Purpoſe. *Sub.* No? and flee me
When I come in? *Mam.* That was my Error. *Sub.* Error?
Guilt, Guilt, my Son. Give it the right Name. No marvel
If I found Check in our *great Work* within,
When ſuch Affairs as theſe were managing!
Mam. Why, have you ſo?
Sub. It has ſtood ſtill this half Hour;
And all the reſt of our *leſs Works* gone back.
Where is the Inſtrument of Wickedneſs,
My lewd falſe Drudge?
Mam. Nay, good Sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas againſt his Will, or Knowledge.
I ſaw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more Sin,
T' excuſe a Varlet? *Mam.* By my Hope 'tis true, Sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder leſs, if you for whom
The Bleſſing was prepar'd, would ſo tempt Heaven:
And loſe your Fortunes. *Mam.* Why, Sir?
Sub. This 'll retard
The *Work*, a Month at leaſt. *Mam.* Why, if it do,
What Remedy? but think it not, good Father:
Our Purpoſes were honeſt. *Sub.* As they were,
So the Reward will prove. How now! Aye me.
[*A great Crack and Noiſe within.*
God, and all Saints be good to us! What's that?
Face. O, Sir, we are defeated: all the *Works*
Are flown in *fumo:*
Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All ſtruck in ſhivers! Help, good Sir! alas!
[Subtle *falls down as in a Swoon.*
Coldneſs and Death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon,*
Do the fair Office of a Man! You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart than he. [*One knocks.*
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.
Mam. Ha, *Lungs?*
Face. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his Sight,
For he's as furious as his Siſter is mad. [*One knocks.*
Mam. Alas!
Face. My Brain is quite undone with the Fume, Sir.
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine own Man again.

Mam.

Mam. Is all loſt, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preſerv'd,
Of all our Coſt? *Face.* Faith very little, Sir:
A Peck of Coals or ſo, which is cold Comfort, Sir.
Mam. O my voluptuous Mind! I'm juſtly puniſh'd.
Face. And ſo am I, Sir.
Mam. Caſt from all my Hopes——
Face. Nay, Certainties, Sir.
Mam. By mine own baſe Affections.
Sub. O, the curs'd fruits of Vice and Luſt!
[Subtle *ſeems to come to himſelf.*
Mam. Good Father,
It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof
Over us ſtill, and will not fall, O Juſtice!
Upon us, for this wicked Man? *Face.* Nay, look, Sir,
You grieve him now with ſtaying in his Sight:
Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good Penance you may have it yet;
A hundred Pounds to the Box at *Bethlem*——*Mam.* Yes.
Face. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' loſt their Wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll ſend one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.
Is no *Projection* left? *Face.* All flown, or ſtinks, Sir.
Mam. Will nought be ſav'd that's good for Med'cine,
think'ſt thou?
Face. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shards,
Will cure the Itch:
It ſhall be ſav'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This Way, for fear the Lord ſhould meet you.
[*Exit* Mam.
Sub. Face.
Face. Ay. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Face* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for were in his Blood.
Let us be light though. *Sub.* Ay, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads againſt the Roof for Joy:
There's ſo much of our Care now caſt away.
Face. Now to our *Don.*
Sub. Yes, your young Widow, by this Time,
Is made a *Counteſs*. She's now in Travail

Of

Of a young Heir for you.
Face. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your Caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom ſhould,
After theſe common Hazards. *Face.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.
Would *Dol* were in her Place, to pick his Pockets now.
Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you prove your Virtue.
Sub. For your Sake, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Surly *and* Dame Pliant.

Sur. Lady, you ſee into what Hands you are fal'n!
'Mongſt what a Neſt of Villains! and how near
Your Honour was t' have catch'd a certain Ruin
(Thro' your Credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward as Place, Time,
And other Circumſtances, would ha' made a Man:
For yo'are a handſome Woman; would you were wiſe too.
I am a Gentleman come here diſguis'd,
Only to find the Knaveries of this *Citadel*,
And where I might ha' wrong'd your Honour, and ha' not,
I claim ſome Intereſt in your Love. You are,
They ſay, a Widow, rich: and I am a Batchelor,
Worth nought: Your Fortunes may make me a Man,
As mine ha' preſerv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deſerv'd you, or no.
Pli. I will, Sir.
Sur. And for theſe Houſhold-rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego?*
And my dear Madam *Counteſs?* Hath the *Count*
Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donſel, methinks you look melancholic
After your *Coitum*, and ſcurvy! Truly,
I do not like the Dullneſs of your Eye,

It

It hath a heavy Caſt; 'tis *upſee-Dutch*,
And ſays you are a lumpiſh Whore-maſter.
Be lighter; I will make your Pockets ſo.
[*He falls to picking of them.*
Sur. Will you, *Don* Bawd, and Pick-purſe? How now? Reel you?
Stand up, Sir; you ſhall find, ſince I am ſo heavy,
I'll give you equal Weight. *Sub.* Help, Murder!
Sur. No, Sir, there's no ſuch Thing intended. A good Cart,
And a clean Whip, ſhall eaſe you of that Fear.
I am the *Spaniſh Don*, that ſhould be cozen'd,
Do you ſee? cozen'd? Where's your Captain *Face?*

Enter Face.

Face. How, *Surly!*
Sur. O, make your Approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your Copper Rings and Spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
And this Doctor,
Your ſooty, ſmoaky-bearded Compeer, he
Will cloſe you ſo much Gold, in a Bolt's head,
[Face *ſteals off.*
And on a Turn, convey (i' the ſtead) another
With *ſublim'd Mercury*, that ſhall burſt i' the Heat,
And fly out all *in fumo?*
Nay, Sir, you muſt tarry,
Tho' he be 'ſcap'd; and anſwer by the Ears, Sir.

Enter Face *and* Kaſtril.

Face. Why, now's the Time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor and your Siſter both are abus'd.
Kaſ. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave,
Whate'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I ſhould be loth, Sir,
To confeſs ſo much. *Kaſ.* Then you lye i' your Throat.
Sur. How!
Face. A very arrant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would croſs him,

If

If he knew how——
Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.
Kaſ. You lie:
And 'tis no matter. *Face.* Well ſaid, Sir. He is
The impudent'ſt Raſcal———
Sur. You are indeed! Will you hear me, Sir?
Face. By no means: Bid him be gone.
Kaſ. Be gone, Sir, quickly.
Sur. This's ſtrange! Lady, do you inform your Brother?
Face. There is not ſuch a Foiſt in all the Town,
The Doctor had him preſently: and finds yet,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle.*
Sub. Yes, Sir, he muſt appear within this Hour.
Face. And yet this Rogue will come in a Diſguiſe,
By the Temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho' he could not hurt it. *Kaſ.* Ay,
I know—Away, you talk like a fooliſh Mauther.
Sur. Sir, all is Truth ſhe ſays.
Face. Do not believe him, Sir.
He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your Ways, Sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of Company.
Kaſ. Yes. How then, Sir?
Face. Nay, here's an honeſt Fellow too, that knows him
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I ſay, *Abel:*
This Cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the Widow.)
He owes this honeſt *Drugger*, here, ſeven Pounds,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacco.*
Drug. Yes, Sir; and he has damn'd himſelf three
Terms to pay me.
Face. And what does he owe for *Lotium?*
Drug. Thirty Shillings, Sir.
And for ſix *Syrenges.* *Sur.* *Hydra* of Villany!
Face. Nay, Sir, you muſt quarrel him out o' the Houſe.
Kaſ. I will. Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lye;
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is Madneſs, Sir,
Not Valour in you: I muſt laugh at this.
Kaſ. It is my Humour. You are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot.*
Drug. Or a Knight o' the *Curious Coxcomb.* Do
you ſee?

Ana.

Ana. Peace to the Houſhold.
Kaſ. I'll keep Peace for no Man.
Ana. Caſting of Dollars is concluded lawful.
Kaſ. Is he the Conſtable? *Sub.* Peace, *Ananias.*
Face. No, Sir.
Kaſ. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim.* *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir?
Kaſ. I will not.
Ana. What is the Motive?
Sub. Zeal in the Gentlemen,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* Slops.—*Ana.* They are prophane,
Lewd, Superſtitious, and Idolatrous Breeches.
Sur. New Raſcals! *Kaſ.* Will you be gone, Sir?
Ana. Avoid *Satan.*
Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: and is the ſame
With that which the unclean Birds, in *ſeventy-ſeven*,
Were ſeen to prank it with, on divers Coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Antichriſt*, in the lewd Hat.
Sur. I muſt give way. *Kaſ.* Be gone, Sir.
Sur. But I'll take a Courſe with you.——
Ana. Depart, proud *Spaniſh* Fiend.
Sur. Captain, and Doctor—*Ana.* Child of Perdition.
Kaſ. Hence, Sir.
Did I not quarrel bravely? *Face.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
Kaſ Nay, an' I give my Mind to't, I ſhall do't.
Face. O, you muſt follow, Sir, and threaten him tame,
He'll turn again elſe. *Kaſ.* I'll return him then.
Face. Drugger, this Rogue prevented us, for thee
We had determin'd that thou ſhould'ſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* Suit, and ha' carried her ſo; and he
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himſelf.
Haſt' brought the damaſk? *Drug.* Yes, Sir.
Face. Thou muſt borrow
A *Spaniſh* Suit. Haſt thou no Credit with the Players?
Drug. Yes, Sir: did you never ſee me play the Fool?
Face. Thou ſhalt, if I can help it.
Hieronomy's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will ſerve,
[Subtle *hath whiſpered with him this while.*
I'll

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'ſt 'em.
Ana. Sir, I know
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Upon their Actions: and that this was one,
I make no Scruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no leſs to them than me,
That caſting of Money is moſt lawful. *Sub.* True;
But here I cannot do it: If the Houſe
Should chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there, for th' State; never come out;
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole Company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. *Sub.* And Faſting.
Ana. Yea, for ſome fitter Place. The Peace of Mind
Reſt with theſe Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About caſting Dollars,
Preſently out of Hand. And ſo I told him,
A *Spaniſh* Miniſter came here to ſpy,
Againſt the Faithful— *Face.* I conceive. Come, *Subtle*,
Thou art ſo down upon the leaſt Diſaſter!
How would'ſt thou ha' done, if I had not help'd thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry Boy, i' Faith.
Face. Who would ha' look'd it ſhould ha' been that
Raſcal *Surly?*
Well, Sir,
Here's Damaſk come to make you a Suit.
Sub. Where's *Drugger?*
Face. He's gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* Habit:
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?
Face. Within, with my Lord's Siſter: Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your Favour, *Face*,
Now ſhe is honeſt I will ſtand again.
Face. You will not offer it? *Sub.* Why?
Face. Stand to your Word
Or—here comes *Dol*. She knows——
Sub. Yo' are tyrannous ſtill.
Face. Strict for my Right.

Enter

Enter Dol.

How now, *Dol?* Haſt told her
The *Spaniſh Count* will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come
You little look'd for! *Face.* Who's that?
Dol. Your Maſter:
The Maſter of the Houſe. *Sub.* How, *Dol!*
Face. She lyes:
This is ſome Trick. Come, leave your Quibblings, *Dorothy.*
Dol. Look out and ſee. *Sub.* Art thou in Earneſt?
Dol. 'Slight,
Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he, by this good Day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill Day
For ſome of us. *Face.* We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Loſt, I'm afraid.
Sub. You ſaid he would not come
While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.
Face. No; 'twas within the Walls.
Sub. What ſhall we do now, *Face?*
Face. Be ſilent: not a Word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old Shape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I' the mean Time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods and Purchaſe,
That we can carry i' the two Trunks. I'll help him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer; and then
At Night, I'll ſhip you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll ſhare:
Let *Mammon*'s Braſs and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another Time for that. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

Lovewit *and* Neighbours.

Love. HAS there been ſuch Reſort, ſay you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, Sir.
2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.
3 *Nei.* Ay, ſome as brave as Lords.
4 *Nei.* Ladies, and Gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens Wives. And Knights. In Coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and Oyſter-women.
1 *Nei.* Beſide other Gallants. 3 *Nei.* Sailors Wives.
4 *Nei.* *Tobacco-men.* 5 *Nei.* Another *Pimlico!*
Love. What ſhould my Knave advance,
To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a ſtrange Calf, with five Legs, to be ſeen?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſix Claws? 6 *Nei.* No, Sir.
3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, Sir.
Love. He has no Gift
Of teaching i' the Noſe, that e'er I knew of.
You ſaw no Bills ſet up that promis'd Cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach?
2 *Nei.* No ſuch Thing, Sir.
Love. Nor heard a Drum ſtruck, for Baboons, or Puppets?
5 *Nei.* Neither, Sir.
Love. What Device ſhould he bring forth now?
I love a teeming Wit as I love my Nouriſhment:
Pray Heav'n he ha' not kept ſuch open Houſe,
That he hath ſold my Hangings, and my Bedding:
I left him nothing elſe: If he have eat 'em,
A Plague o' the Mouth, ſay I. Sure he has got
Some bawdy Pictures, to call all this Gang.
When ſaw you him? 1 *Nei.* Who, Sir, *Jeremy?*
2 *Nei.* *Jeremy* Butler?
We ſaw him not this Month. *Love.* How!
4 *Nei.* Not theſe five Weeks, Sir.

6 *Nei.*

6 *Nei.* Theſe ſix Weeks, at the leaſt.
Love. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your Worſhip know not where he is,
He's ſlipt away.
6 *Nei.* Pray Heav'n, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*
Love. Ha! It's no Time to queſtion, then.
6 *Nei.* About
Some three Weeks ſince, I heard a doleful Cry,
As I ſat up, a-mending my Wife's Stockings.
Love. This's ſtrange, that none will anſwer!
Didſt thou hear
A Cry, ſay'ſt thou? 6 *Nei.* Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
That had been ſtrangled an Hour, and could not ſpeak.
2 *Nei.* I heard it too, juſt this Day three Weeks, at
Two o'Clock
Next Morning.
Love. Theſe be Miracles, or you make 'em ſo!
A Man an Hour ſtrangled, and could not ſpeak,
And both you heard him cry? 3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, Sir.
Love. Thou art a wiſe Fellow: Give me thy Hand, I
pray thee.
What Trade art thou on?
3 *Nei.* A Smith, an't pleaſe you Worſhip.
Love. A Smith! Then lend me thy Help to get this
Door open.
3 *Nei.* That I will preſently, Sir, but fetch my
Tools. [*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, beſt to knock again, afore you break it.

Enter Face.

Love. I will. *Face.* What mean you, Sir?
1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here's *Jeremy!*
Face. Good Sir, come from the Door.
Love. Why, what's the Matter?
Face. Yet farther; you are too near yet.
Love. I' the Name of Wonder, what means the Fellow?
Face. The Houſe, Sir, has been viſited.
Love. Stand thou then farther.
Face. No, Sir, I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None elſe but thee i' the Houſe.

Face.

Face. Yes, Sir, my Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttery, had it on her
A Week before I ſpied it: but I got her
Convey'd away, i' the Night. And ſo I ſhut
The Houſe up for a Month——
Love. How! *Face.* Purpoſing then, Sir,
T'have burnt Roſe-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar, [it;
And ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' known
Becauſe I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.
Love. Why this is ſtranger!
The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors
Have ſtill been open——*Face.* How, Sir!
Love. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all Sorts, Tag rag, been ſeen to flock here
In Threaves, theſe ten Weeks, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In Days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright!* *Face.* Sir,
Their Wiſdoms will not ſay ſo! *Love.* To-day, they ſpeak
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French* Hood
Went in, they tell me: and another was ſeen
In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more
Paſs in and out! *Face.* They did paſs thro' the Doors then,
Or Walls, I aſſure their Eye-ſights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been
In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days!
And for before, I kept the Fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,
I ſhould believe my Neighbours had ſeen double
Thro' the black Pot, and made theſe Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worſhip, for theſe three Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd.
Love. Strange!
Nei. Good Faith, I think I ſaw a Coach!
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? 4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honeſt Fellow. *Face.* Did you ſee me at all?
1 *Nei.* No; that we are ſure on.
Love. Fine Rogues to have your Teſtimonies built on!

Enter 3 *Neighbour.*

3 *Nei.* Is *Jeremy* come?

1 *Nei.* O, yes, you may leave your Tools.
We were deceiv'd, he ſays, he has had the Keys;
And the Door has been ſhut theſe three Weeks.
Nei. Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings.
Face. Surly come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How ſhall I beat them off? What ſhall I do!
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conſcience.)

Enter Surly *and* Mammon.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Phyſician. This,
It was no Bawdy-houſe: but a mere *Chancel.*
You knew the Lord, and his Siſter. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surly.*
Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*----
Mam. Play not the Tyrant.
Sur. Should be To-day pronounced to all your Friends.
And where be your Andirons now? and your braſs Pots,
That ſhould ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' ſhut their Doors,
Methinks! *Sur.* Ay, now 'tis Holy-day with them.
Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, Impoſtors, Bawds.
Face. What mean you, Sir? [Mammon *and* Surly *knock.*
Mam. To enter, if we can.
Face. Another Man's Houſe?
Here is the owner, Sir. Turn you to him,
And ſpeak your Buſineſs. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?
Love. Yes, Sir.
Mam. And are thoſe Knaves within your Cheaters?
Love. What Knaves? what Cheaters?
Mam. Subtle, and his *Lungs.*
Face. The Gentleman is diſtracted, Sir. No Lungs
Nor Lights ha' been ſeen here theſe three Weeks, Sir,
Within theſe Doors, upon my Word. *Sur.* Your Word,
Groom arrogant? *Face.* Yes, Sir, I am the Houſe-keeper,
And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.
Sur. This's a new *Face.*
Face. You do miſtake the Houſe, Sir!

What

What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raſcal! This is one
O' the Conſederacy. Come, let's get Officers,
And force the Door. *Love.* 'Pray you ſtay, Gentlemen.
Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with Warrant.
Mam. Ay, and then
We ſhall ha' your Doors open. *Love.* What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, Sir.
1 *Nei.* Theſe are two o' the Gallants,
That we do think we ſaw. *Face.* Two of the Fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good Faith, Sir,
I think the *Moon* has cras'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry Boy come too! He'll make a Noiſe,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

Enter Kaſtril.

Kaſ. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon. [Kaſtril *knocks.*
Punk, Cockatrice, my Suſter. By this Light
I'll fetch the Marſhal to you. You are a Whore,
To keep your Caſtle———
Face. Who would you ſpeak with, Sir?
Kaſ. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Puſs my Suſter. *Love.* This is ſomething, ſure!
Face. Upon my Truſt, the Doors were never open, Sir.
Kaſ. I have heard all their Tricks told me twice over,
By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.
Love. Here comes another. *Face. Ananias* too?
And his *Paſtor?*

Enter Ananias *and* Tribulation.

Tri. The Doors are ſhut againſt us.
[*They beat too at the Door.*
Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire,
Your Stench is broke forth: Abomination
Is in the Houſe. *Kaſ.* Ay, my Suſter's there.
Ana. The Place,
It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.
Kaſ. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kaſ. You will not come then? Punk device, my Suſter!

Ana. Call her not Siſter. She's a Harlot, verily.
Kaſ. I'll raiſe the Street.
Love. Good Gentlemen, a Word.
Ana. *Satan*, avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.
Love. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem.*
Face. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of St. *Kather'ne*'s, where they uſe to keep
The better Sort of Mad folks. 1 *Nei.* All theſe Perſons
We ſaw go in and out here. 2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, Sir.
3 *Nei.* Theſe were the Parties.
Face. Peace, you Drunkards: Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you to give me leave
To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.
Love. It mazes me! *Face.* Good Faith, Sir, I believe
There's no ſuch Thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus.*
Would I could get him away. [Dapper *cries out within.*
Dap. Maſter Captain, Maſter Doctor.
Love. Who's that?
Face. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.
Dap. For God's Sake, when will her Grace be at lei-
Face. Ha! [ſure?
Illuſions, ſome Spirit o' the Air! (his Gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the Throat.)
Dap. I'm almoſt ſtifled——
Face. (Would you were altogether)
Love. 'Tis i' the Houſe.
Ha! liſt. *Face.* Believe it, Sir, i'the Air!
Love. Peace, you——
Dap. Mine Aunt's *Grace* does not uſe me well.
Sub. You Fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. Or you will elſe, you Rogue.
Love. O, is it ſo? Then you converſe with Spirits!
Come Sir, no more o' your Tricks, good *Jeremy*,
The Truth's the ſhorteſt Way.
Face. Diſmiſs this Rabble, Sir.
What ſhall I do? I am catch'd.
Love. Good Neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Maſter:

And

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeveral Sorts of wild Fowl?
Face. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit:
(But here's no Place to talk on't i'the Street,)
Give me but leave to make the beſt of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' Abuſe of your Houſe:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you ſhall give me Thanks for,
Will make you ſeven Years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spaniſh* Cloak.
I have her within. You need not fear the Houſe,
It was not viſited. *Love.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Face.* It is true, Sir.
Pray you forgive me.
Love. Let's ſee your Widow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Subtle, Dapper, *and* Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your Gag!
Dap. Yes Faith, it crumbled
Away i' my Mouth.
Sub. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.
Sub. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady: but in Troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The Fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to ſtay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So ſatisfy her *Grace.*

Enter Face.

Face. How now! Is his Mouth down?
Sub. Ay! he has ſpoken!
Face. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too) He's undone then.
(I have been fain to ſay, the Houſe is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.
Sub. And haſt thou done it?
Face. Sure, for this Night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and ſing
Of *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
Of preſent Wits. *Face.* Did you not hear the Coil
About the Door? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Face. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
I'll ſend her to you. [*Exeunt* Dap. *and* Sub.
Drugger is at the Door; go take his Suit,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marry the Widow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred Pound by the Service! Now, Queen *Dol*,
Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull Innocent.

Enter Subtle.

Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke and Hat.
Face. Give me 'em. *Sub.* And the Ruff too!
Face. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
Sub. Now he is gone about his Project, *Dol*,
I told you of, for the Widow: *Dol.* 'Tis direct
Againſt our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, Wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?
Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub.* Soon at Night, my *Dolly*,
When we are ſhipp'd, and all our Goods aboard,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our Courſe
To *Brainford*, Weſtward, if thou ſay'ſt the Word,
And take our Leaves of this o'erweening Raſcal,
This peremptory *Face*. *Dol.* Content; I'm weary of him.
Sub. We'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we have all, and may unlock the Trunks,
And ſay, this's mine, and thine, and thine and mine.
[*They Kiſs.*

Enter Face.

Face. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good Paſſage of our Stock Affairs.
Face. *Drugger* has brought his Parſon; take him in, *Subtle*,
And ſend *Nab* back again to waſh his Face.
Sub. I will: and ſhave himſelf. [*Exit.*
Face. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it is!
Face. A Trick, that *Dol* ſhall ſpend ten Pounds a Month by.
Is he gone?

Enter

Enter Subtle.

Sub. The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall, Sir.
Face. I'll go beſtow him. [*Exit.*
Dol. He'll now marry her, inſtantly.
Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou can'ſt. To deceive him
Is no Deceit, but Juſtice that would break
Such an inextricable Tie as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Enter Face.

Face. Come, my Venturers,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth.
Sub. Here. *Face.* Let us ſee 'em. Where's the Money?
Sub. Here.
Face. The *Brethrens* Money, this. *Drugger*'s and *Dapper*'s in this.
Mammon's ten Pounds: eight Score before.
Where be the *French* Petticoats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Face.* Is *Drugger*'s Damaſk there?
Sub. Yes. *Face.* Give me the Keys.
Dol. Why you the Keys!
Sub. No matter, *Dol:* becauſe
We ſhall not open 'em, before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you ſee? Not forth, *Dol.*
Dol. No!
Face. No, my Smock-rampant. The Right is, my Maſter
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and ſhe, be ſatisfy'd: for here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite*,
'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back ſide;
Or lend you a Sheet to ſave your Velvet Gown, *Dol.*
Here will be Officers preſently; bethink you

Of

Of ſome Courſe ſuddenly to 'ſcape the Dock:
For thither you'll come elſe. Hark you, Thunder.
[*ſome knock.*
Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.
Face. Dol, I am ſorry for thee i'Faith. But hear'ſt thou?
It ſhall go hard, but I will place thee ſomewhere:
Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Miſtreſs *Amo.*
Dol. Hang you—
Face. Or Madam *Cæſarean.*
Dol. Pox upon you, Rogue:
Would I had but Time to beat thee. [*Ex.* Dol.
Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you ſet up next: I'll ſend you
A Cuſtomer, now and then, for old Acquaintance:
What new Courſe ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang myſelf,
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i'the Flock-bed, and the Buttery. [*Exit.*

Lovewit *above.* *Enter* Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kaſtril, Ananias, *and* Tribulation.

What do you mean, my Maſters! *Mam.* Open your Door,
Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.
Love. What Warrant have you?
Off. Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not.*
Love. Is there an Officer there?
Off. Yes, two or three for failing.
Love. Have but Patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. *Face.* Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a Marriage? perfect? *Love.* Yes, my Brain.
Face. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your Self, Sir.
Sur. Down with the Door. *Kaſ.* Slight, ding it open.
Love. Hold,
Hold, Gentlemen, what means this Violence?
Mam. Where is this Collier?
Sur. And my Captain *Face?*
Mam. Theſe Day-owls?
Sur. That are birding in Mens Purſes.
Mam. Madam *Suppoſitory?* *Kaſ. Dexey*, my Suſter?
Ana. Locuſts of the ſoul Pit.

Tri.

Tri. Prophane as *Bell* and the *Dragon.*
Ana. Worſe than the Graſhoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt.*
Love. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this Violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you ſeek?
Mam. The *Chymical* Cozener.
Sur. And the Captain *Pander.*
Kaſ. The *Nun* my Suſter. *Mam.* Madam *Rabbi.*
Ana. Scorpions, and Caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,
By Virtue of my Staff—*Ana.* They are the Veſſels
Of Pride, Luſt, and the Cart. *Love.* Good Zeal, lie ſtill
A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias.*
Love. The Houſe is mine here, and the Doors are open:
If there be any ſuch Perſons you ſeek for,
Uſe your Authority;
I am but newly come to Town, and finding
This Tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat 'maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more Diſpleaſure) told me he had done
Somewhat an inſolent Part, let out my Houſe
To a Doctor, and a Captain; who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they gone?
[*They enter.*
Love. You may go in and ſearch, Sir. Here, I find
The empty Walls worſe than I left 'em, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd Pots, and Glaſſes, and a Furnace;
The Cieling fill'd with *Poeſies* of the Candle:
Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a Widow——
Kaſ. Ay, that's my Suſter. I'll go thump her. Where is ſhe? [*Exit.*
Love. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a Widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! Have I loſt her then?
Love. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good Faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extremely, and ſays
You

You ſwore, and told her, you had ta'en the Pains
To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
Borrowed a Suit and Ruff all for her Love,
And then did nothing. What an Overſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare an old Markſman, yet,
Could prime his Powder, and give Fire, and hit,
All in a Twinkling.

Enter Mammon.

Mam. The whole Neſt are fled!
Love. What Sort of Birds were they?
Mam. A Kind of Choughs,
Or thieviſh Daws, Sir, that have pick'd my Purſe
Of eight-ſcore and ten Pounds, within theſe five Weeks,
Beſide my firſt Materials: and my Goods,
That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' leſt.
I may have them home yet. *Love.* Think you ſo, Sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By Order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine own Stuff?
Love. Sir, I can take no Knowledge,
That they are yours but by publick Means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen yourſelf, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather loſe 'em.
Love. That you ſhall not, Sir,
By me, in Troth. Upon theſe Terms they are yours.
What ſhould they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?
Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Love. What a great Loſs in Hope have you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has.
I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The End o' the World, within theſe two Months. *Surly*,
What! In a Dream? *Sur.* Muſt I needs cheat myſelf,
With that ſame fooliſh Vice of Honeſty!
Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Ananias *and* Tribulation.

Trib. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not loſe all yet. Go,
And get ſome Carts——————
Love. For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To bear away the Portion of the Righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Love.* What is that Portion?
Ana. The Goods, ſometime the Orphans, that the *Brethren*
Bought with their Silver Pence.
Love. What, thoſe i'the Cellar,
The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims! *Ana.* I do defy
The wicked *Mammon*, ſo do all the *Brethren*.
Thou prophane Man, I aſk thee with what Conſcience
Thou canſt advance that Idol againſt us,
That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings number'd,
That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
Upon the ſecond Day of the fourth Week,
In the eighth Month upon the Table dormant,
The Year of the laſt Patience of the *Saints*,
Six hundred and ten?
Love. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you;
But if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir?
Trib. Be patient, *Ananias*. *Ana.* I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand up, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in Exile. *Love.* I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
Againſt the Houſe: may Dogs defile the Walls,
And Waſps and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
This Seat of Falſhood, and this Cave of Coz'nage.
[*Exe.* Trib. *and* Ana.
Face. If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir——
Kaſ. Come on, you Ewe, you have match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Siſter.*
Did not I ſay, I would never ha' your tup'd
But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady-*Tom?*
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun'you marry with a Pox? *Love.* You lye, Boy;

As

As ſound as you: and I'm afore-hand with you.
Kaſ. Anon?
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will ſeize you, Sirrah.
Why do you not buckle to your Tools?
Kaſ. God's light!
This is a fine old Boy, as e'er I ſaw!
Love. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed.
Here ſtands my Dove? ſtoop at her if you dare.
Kaſ. 'Slight, I muſt love him! I cannot chuſe i'Faith!
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Sufter, I proteſt,
I honour thee for this Match.
Love. O, do you ſo, Sir?
Kaſ. Yes, an'thou can'ſt take *Tobacco*, and drink, old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her Marriage,
Than her own State.
Love. Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.
Face. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.
Love. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.
That Maſter
That had receiv'd ſuch Happineſs by a Servant,
In ſuch a Widow, and with ſo much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servant's Wit,
And help his Fortune, though with ſome ſmall Strain
Of his own Candor.
Speak for thyſelf, Knave.
Face. So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
Though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myſelf
On you that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and invite new Gueſts.

THE END.

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